THE ALBION

Unum, non omnium, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

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Literature.

DANDELION CLOCK.

BY MRS. BRODERIP.

Clock, white clock, that grows on the lea,
Tell the hour of the day to me;
Puff, puff, puff—one! two! three!
Dear, how late for school I shall be!
Clock, you've made a mistake you know,
Two did not strike an hour ago!
Time flies fast on a morn in May,
Faster e'en than a holiday,
But puff, puff, puff—one, two, three,
Surely so late it cannot be.

Clock, white clock, that grows on the lea,
When comes one to marry me?
A fairy prince with a crown of gold,
As he came to Cinderella of old;
His cloak of the violet's purple bloom,
And in his hat a fair white plume.
Puff, puff, puff; puff—and blow,
Silly clock, will you never go?
Such a long weary while it will be,
Ere my fairy prince shall come for me?

Clock, white clock, that grows on the lea,
Tell me, what shall my dower be?
How many guineas of shining gold,
Shall I count in my lap to have and hold?
Enough to buy castles and acres fair,
And costly silks and jewels to wear.
Puff! What *all* gone in one breath? Ah, me
For my jewels and castles and ships at sea!
Clock, white clock, that grows on the lea,
You've no pleasant tidings to-day for me!

EDITH CLAREL.

A STORY FROM THREE POINTS OF VIEW.

By William Makepeace Thackeray.

[Conclusion.]

CHAPTER XXII.

"After all, dear, the most unintelligible part of our story, and which I have never quite been able to understand myself, is, why the wicked woman should have so cruelly deceived me when I appealed to her to confirm or deny Ambrose's accusations. What motive could she have. She had received nothing but disinterested kindness from you."

"She had made advances, which had been slighted. She had been jealous of you, both on Knyvett's account and perhaps a little on mine. She envied your happiness and wished to destroy it. Besides she was in real grief then. Angry with herself and her lovers, and all the world."

"She certainly seemed so; but I thought you said her distress had been a mere pretence."

"So it was at first when she came to me; and so it was a month or two afterwards, when she managed to make me visit her during her illness which was all fictitious. But when you saw her, her grief was genuine enough. Then she had lost her real lover, Johnson; or rather the lover who really stood first in the disjointed ruin of her heart, for the poor abandoned creature had a heart, and the remains of a woman's nature, trampled down in the filthy confusion of her life."

"The burden of her bitterest revilings in my interview with her, was the defection of her Walter, with which I could not see that I had anything to do. She seemed to take it for granted that I knew all her affairs as well as she unfortunately knew mine. And she was wicked enough to torture me with the supposition that such knowledge came directly from you, instead of its being wormed out of the traitor whom she seems to have twirled round her fingers most unaccountably. And she seemed to have had a kind of affection for him too, and a jealous way of me on his account, by what she said when she came to me in such distress with her final revelations. Her conduct in the whole affair seems inexplicable to me."

"Naturally enough, in the same way as Knyvett's conduct seems inexplicable. Yet the ingenious crookedness of their folly shows they were neither of them deficient in intelligence. I think we are both honest, however little we may be able to boast of our prudence. The moves and motives of these two are so difficult to track and account for, because they never condescended to follow the plain highway, and were always playing hide and seek among the thorny-tangled short cuts of running. They usually adopted the second-best policy. Knyvett's abilities are certainly above the average, and he seemed to have more than ordinary knowledge of the world, yet he has allowed himself to be ruined by knaves and duped by worthless women, losing his friends, fortune, and reputation, with nothing to show for it. As to the woman who calls herself Mrs. Devereux, poor Johnson ('her Walter'), who had the misfortune to have really loved her, told me a great deal about her in the Crimea—we lived in one tent. We were the Smith and Johnson who distinguished ourselves in the volunteer rifle-pits. His desolate and shameful love story is not fit for your ears. He was a man not base by nature, and he never could grow callous to the galling fetters of his bondage. He broke away from it twice. But he never ceased to think of her, sometimes with bitterness, much oftener with tenderness. He talked of his love as a thing of the past, but I think nothing could have really cured him but the fatal splinter of the shell which brought quiet to his ill bestowed heart at last. His story would be considered vulgar by the school of fashionable French romance, which delights in tricking out vice with false poetic jewelry to imitate virtue. He did not relate his sad experience in *couleur de camellias*. There were touches of poetry in it, but he did not attempt to disguise the ugly realities. He had met her, when he was a wild young medical student, and she a fresh outcast, yet unhardened in vice. The loving instinct has too strong a vitality in human hearts to be immediately and totally de troyed by the poisonous atmosphere of sin. The fair instincts of humanity make their own torture when perverted, and the purer and more vigorous the gift abused, the keener is the capacity for suffering. This poor fellow allowed his whole heart, which, unfortunately for him was originally an honest and tender one, to fasten on her by degrees. She was newer to sin than he was. And she gave him almost all her heart in return. He was poor, she was vain and extravagant. *His* love deepened and cleared. Her's grew shallower and muddier. The blossom of the woman's heart (which had expanded for him into something more nearly resembling a pure first love than you virtuous people would easily imagine possible), withered slowly under the inevitable blight—not steadily, for all human affairs, though they ripen and decay slowly, are fitful and contradictory in their outward show. You look very serious, dear, I will tell you no more of this sad story if you are shocked."

"I am shocked, but I wish to hear. You speak as if you were familiar with these wicked mysteries."

"Most men have singed their wings at one time or another with other than celestial flame, but this poor moth went bodily into the candle. I at least could sympathise with him. He had a vein of poetry in his temperament, and had written verses in his troubles. That was a bond of union between us. I remember a poem which struck me very much. It will give you an idea of the man and his hopeless wretchedness; and it will show you that, however deeply entangled in the meshes of shame, he had not a vulgar heart. It was written, not long after Knyvett had picked her up, and when her ostensible lover fancied her desperately enamoured of *him*. This was the sort of thing her real lover, who was a little jealous of the aristocratic rival, would cause her to cry over, when such appeals as these gathered up for a time the frayed end of her now straggling affections.

THE UPAS SHADOW.

God's blessing helps not hearts perverse!
(Like a pale, sickly weed beneath
The poison tree, whose shade is death),
Our love has grown beneath his curse.

A poor, pale, sickly, shivering weed,
Which—planted in a happier hour,
In healthier place—had been a flower
Most sweet and beautiful indeed.

Still it is love! I saw it grow!
It struggled with the deadly taint,
The poison shadow made it faint—
But still it did its best to blow.

I freshened it with many sighs;
I watered it with many tears;
I watched it full of hopes and fears—
I will not leave it till it dies.

Knyvett of course knew nothing of Johnson; though Johnson, being the woman's habitual confidant, knew almost everything about Knyvett. Women find it very hard to break themselves of the habit of trusting a man with their secret thoughts. And Johnson saw, or thought he saw, that his rival began to gain ground. While she was thus wavering, there were many quarrels and reconciliations. The better part of her nature clung to her old lover. But even under these complications, she had leisure, while one lover was out of town and the other out of humour, to see if anything was to be made of me. Once, indeed the last time, I paid her a visit to see how she was, in her pretended illness, I found Johnson with her; she was lying on the sofa, and had evidently been crying. He had been mixing her some medicine. There was laudanum and sal-volatile on the table. She did not lose her presence of mind, and said 'she was so glad to see me—though she was a poor creature—and yet the doctor thought she was a little better to day. Don't you doctor?' The doctor said in rather a hard dry business-like tone, 'that he had feared for some time that there was something wrong in the region of the heart; but there was no immediate cause of alarm." He looked sheathed daggers at me, and wished us good morning. The manner and look of the man struck me."

"So they did me—and I wondered who he could be."

"You?"

"Yes, I! I was resolved to see with my own eyes whether the accusations made against you were true or false. I had seen the note from her, with the address and the hour. When you came out of that door did you observe a cab with the blind down, on the opposite side of the street?" "No!" "It was there nevertheless, and a woman whose heart seemed shrinking in the gripe of death, sat cowering and trembling behind that blind. I was watching you. I had come up with my father. He had to be in town to see his lawyers about the election expenses. He thought at first it was my impatience to see you again, which made me propose to go with him, and he said you would be down on one of your flying visits in a day or two. I was obliged to explain some of my griefs to him. But I first made him promise to let me have my own way and not to interfere with my schemes. He ought to have insisted on my telling him all at once. However he was weak enough to promise blindly. Poor dear, he had no thought of the desperate steps I was taking."

"And what did he say when you partly unfolded your schemes?"

"He was very much shocked, and said it was not an honourable course. He said I ought to let him cross question Ambrose (who, he said was a shifty fellow, and not to be relied on), and then have an explanation of the whole affair with you, when he had no doubt you would tell him the whole truth, and that would be final one way or another. "'But then,' I said, 'if it was a scheme of my cousin's, in whom I had no implicit confidence either, what would you think of me for having entertained such a suspicion?' He said he felt sure it was a mare's nest of the parson's. For you were a young man of better taste and conduct, and too genuinely in love with me to have a vulgar liaison of the kind so immediately before your marriage. He said I ought either to disbelieve and disregard it altogether, or to take open and legitimate steps to have it cleared up. I was obstinate, however, and full of flighty ideas of my own exceptional ingenuity, and I held him to his promise of secrecy and non-intervention. I am afraid you are right in saying that women have not exactly the same code of honour with men; and I was sufficiently punished for my presumptuous disregard of my father's good counsel and my underhand espionage and want of confidence in your faith. But I had heard dreadful reports of the falseness of men, and thought it behoved women to be less blind in trust, beforehand, of those to whom their destinies are to be made over, than they usually are. Ambrose was in town again, creeping about and working his sub-conspirators, and bringing me information which I received and used with shame, but declined his assistance in its verification. By this time he knew there was no truth in what he was providing evidence to convince me of. His train was laid. He thought when I had seen you come out of the house, the same number and street as in the address of the note, the note in the same hand in which I had been shown letters to you that were next door to declarations of love (some of the earlier letters which you had taken no notice of, before she had appealed to your compassion as being at death's door, which you must remember I then knew nothing about, for the notes had been carefully selected to give me the worst construction), he thought the affair was settled, and went home. I thought it final too. But my heart struggled against my conviction. I could see no trace of guilt in your face when I watched it with such a guilty stealthy feeling from my lurking place. A letter came which seemed full of open-hearted passion. It was some days after, I resolved to be still more convinced, and to give you the benefit of the last shadow of doubt. I resolved to face my rival, and have the truth out of her. I have described that scene to you before. It always makes me tremble to think of it. I had a mysterious idea of the dangers I was to encounter, and imagined quite a hornet's nest of perils. I armed myself with the pistol and poniard out of my father's dressing case. I loaded my pistol with great care, and remembered being very particular in choosing a copper cap that had a good deal of white stuff inside, and before putting it on I made sure the powder had come up in the touchhole. I saw her. Her beauty made my heart sink: and there was such a fire of wicked pride in her eyes, such defiant, scornful assumption of superior knowledge of the good and evil, that I felt at first like a child face to face with my bad angel. 'Poor innocent!' she said, after I had tremblingly explained my errand, 'do you come flattering to me like a frightened bird, to ask about your men? Yes! I will tell you what they are! They keep the Sunday side of their character for you nursery chicks. But we poor wicked outcasts, that frighten you to look at, we know them a little better. Our men and your men are the same. Your namby-pamby hypocritical heroes are the same men, whose real vices corrupt us to what we are, till our hearts have had all the blessed power of loving truly, trampled out of them. Oh God! if I could tear this rotten mass of torture out of my breast, and show you what they have made it, you would shudder more than you do now. Ah! if I could show you the agony of straining blunted and bruised affections to meet and answer an honest love, in vain! and to find it shrink from you as from the touch of a corpse! you would understand your fine gentlemen's amusement at our expense! And then you take them from us—the false hounds who have fawned upon us, and flattered us, and cheated us out of all the wealth of a woman's kindness, only to cast us off with contempt and curses—you take our lovers from our arms; much good may they do you! Take them, and trundle the smoothfaced villains in your carriages, passing by the creatures they have kissed and fondled, and called 'sweet pet,' and 'darling,' and 'my own,' a month or two ago, as if they were so much carrion. Never fear; let us never say die. They come back to us when they tire of you, mawkish milk-and-water misses. What do they marry you for? Your money! They call us mercenary—us, who are living on the sale of our own bodies; ay, with our very souls in pawn—who yet know how to give away our love to any one we are fools enough to think will treat it as love. Yes, I know all about you. They call you pretty; to be sure! you are an heiress. Your men talk to us about you. They say we women are blabs; if you knew how men prattle, and how their paltry vanities and their selfish schemes come out for our benefit, when they think there is no danger of its getting round again. They told me you were pretty, and you are a tidy little doll—but look at me!' She rose to her full height, and turned round before me with a superb and majestic confidence in her grace and beauty—'*I* am a woman grown, just turned nineteen. Look at me—do you think if it was not for your money, and your fine old mosted hall, with cloisters and mulling windows, would they think it worth while to to look at you?'

"'You *are* beautiful,' I said. (She seemed startled by the genuine and unconscious tone of the admission, and turned towards me with a less defiant air.) 'You have been loved. You have loved in return,' I continued—'You have felt how cruel it is to be deceived!'

"'*I* have felt! What do you, and such as you, waxen images, know about what *I* have felt. I *was* loved.' She burst into tears, and poured out her own grievances till her anger got the better of her weeping, and flamed out again more fiercely than ever. 'What have you done that *your* man should be different from the others. You want me to clear him? He is false to you, as he and all the rest of them have been false to me, and such as me. False as Judas, the traitor. What, you hesitate to believe me, poor simpleton! Will you go on worshipping your broken idol? Stay, you would perhaps like to hear me swear it. Wicked as I am, I have a Bible my Walter gave me, and I know the nature of an oath.' She seized the sacred volume, kissed it, with a steady, solemn, distinct utterance, laid an obscene perjury on her soul, and clenched the iron into mine. Her manner after this became still more violent, and she showered a volley of imprecations on my head as I hurried away, more dead than alive. I have an indistinct recollection of a slatternly woman on the stairs calling me 'My dear,' and hoping I was not hurt, and telling me as if it was some way a mitigating fact—'Mrs. D——, she do be wery volient at times, my dear, though at others she can equally be quite the lady.' And this phrase caught in the film of my stunned sense as some accidental combination of foolish words haunts one in the giddy dusk of the mind after a fainting fit."

"And on that false witness I was condemned without a hearing, and my next letters returned unopened—with a short reference to my own conscience, for explanations, in the cover!"

"And your false friend, who knew the whole circumstances, kept telling you it was only the old story, and recommending you to think no more of me, for that I was a heartless jilt, and was encouraging Lord Charles: and while he was telling me that you were very wretched and penitent, and confirming

my conviction of your faithlessness under a show of pleading for your forgiveness.

"He has been rewarded, and has eaten shame bitter enough even for his dull palate to appreciate. Just before the interview you have described, Johnson had shipped himself as surgeon's-assistant in an Australian packet. He went up to the diggings and made money—"*Clalum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*" He remembered the good and forgot the bad, as good hearts do when death or the sea divides them from the sweet and bitter they have loved. He wrote tender letters, and received tender replies. For the woman could have relapses of her old passion, though Knyvett was practically wearing it out. Johnson bought land up the country, and dreamed that Manon Lescaut was not an impossible dream. He came back believing in the penitence and affection of her letters. He found her worse than he had left her; still the remains of her old love revived, and she took the opportunity of breaking with Knyvett, who was in great pecuniary straits. She reviled him and reproached him; said she had never cared for him (which appears not to have been quite true, but these creatures can accuse even themselves unjustly), except for mercenary motives. She delivered a long catalogue of his selfishness and want of true consideration for her; said her true lover had come back to take her to Australia, where he had been making a fortune for her. Yet, after this flourish of romance, she entertained the Australian scheme faint-heartedly; and Johnson, discovering other infidelities, and finding there were no soundings in the gulph of her demoralization, quitted her in despair. Knyvett, it appears, fell into her snares again. And even after another revulsion, when Johnson's posthumous letter brought her to you to denounce him, and she had once more driven him away with scorn in his utter ruin and discomfiture, it appears, by what my lawyer writes me, he has yet crept back, a disguised outlaw, to crouch at the feet which have spurned him with a scorn distilled through shame. Such are the tangled writhings of the downward drawing vortex. As to Johnson, he broke away and went to the war, with a full determination to find a grave there. I was there in search of another grave. We met on board a steamer. I knew his face, but could not at first remember where I had met him. He knew my name. There is something sociable in despair, and we fraternised. We had many discussions as to whether our pursuit of death in our country's cause was to make us guilty of moral suicide. We agreed that it was not, if we made no wanton exposure of our lives, and did only dangerous things that had to be done by somebody—considering that a certain number of lives must be sacrificed, and that by risking ours, which were worthless to ourselves and to the world, we might save lives which were a blessing to themselves and others—we quieted our consciences, repented of our sins, except this pardonable piece of sophistry, and were at peace with all the world except the army on the other side of the Tchernaya. We found it practically much more difficult to be killed than we anticipated. We seemed to bear charmed lives. Men were killed about us and by our sides, and died raving about their wives and children. Johnson had a better chance than I, for he could run many more risks under fire by moving about from pit to pit to attend to the wounded. He used to console me by saying that my case was not near so desperate as his. He did not know enough to explain all my complication, but he had a suspicion of the truth, and he almost persuaded me there was a chance of all coming right yet. He was of opinion that some treachery of Knyvett's was at the bottom of the mystery. And he could tell me enough of his indiscreet revelations of our affairs to his mistress to make me think it not improbable that Johnson was right.

"The night before he was killed, we both had a strong presentiment of death. I wrote my last entry in the Blue Book and a letter to you, saying it would be delivered after my death, and you would then judge for yourself whether I deserved my fate. I wrote another letter to Knyvett, appealing to him by all that was sacred to good faith and friendship, to clear me if it depended on him, that you might accept my bequest and cease to think of me unjustly and unkindly. Johnson also wrote a farewell letter—I need not tell you to whom. We discouraged one another, each laughing at the other's foreboding, but each acting on his own. I sealed up my book (after taking a last look at your sketch of Caercombe), with what letters I had of your writing—the signatures much blurred with kisses—'Ah!' I thought, as I put them up, and a tear or two fell upon them, 'when she sees the kind words she wrote to me with her own dear hand, and how I have'—never mind what I thought, darling—nay don't waste them on your handkerchief. There, it is fine weather again now! However, I sealed up the large parcel in the only clean damask napkin that remained in my canteen. But the two letters I gave to Johnson, and he gave me his; for we agreed that by the doctrine of chances it was not to be supposed we should both be killed on the same day, and the one that was not killed, would have no occasion to send his letter. I had said all I had to say in the last entry of the book, and wrote my letter after it was sealed up, and it seemed like a multiplication of chances to have delivered a separate communication to some one. It seemed business-like and the sort of thing to do. Poor Johnson's theory of action in all cases of doubt, always was to consider what would seem natural in a novel, and he said something of the kind on the occasion of our exchanging our letters. Such *enfantillages* can men trifle with on the brink of eternity! That night we were both in better spirits than we had been for a long while. It was a Sunday; we had attended church, and the sullen booming responses, and a few round shot tearing up the turf here and there, had given an emphasis to solemn words on the uncertainty of what a day may bring forth, which you pious people in peaceful parish churches at home cannot easily imagine. Perhaps that may have been the origin of our presentiments. There was hotter work than usual, too, expected on the morrow. We were to move in nearer to discourage the earthwork guns under the Malakoff. That night we knelt a little longer than usual at our devotions, and at the end of them joined our voices in the Lord's Prayer. After we had gone to bed, that is when we had lain down in our great fur pelisses on our Turkish rugs, my comrade said he felt as if he forgave them that had trespassed against him more freely and fully than he ever remembered since he had any body to forgive; and he thought that it was a sign that his sins would be forgiven him, and he felt sure he should die to-morrow. 'God bless you,' he added, and reward you! you have been very kind to me and treated me like a respectable fellow-creature and a gentleman, to which I have a very poor title. God bless you, and give you your heart's desire, and I feel as if my prayers would be heard to-night, though I cannot be called a righteous man, still they can do you no harm, good night!'

"'Good night,' I replied, 'and God bless you. Your words are a comfort to me. God reward you for your good wishes.' After that my presentiment went off, and I dreamt that you came with bright looks of love and smiled upon me, and I started up, and there was the corporal with his lanthorn to wake us up to go down into the pits. We got our fresh holes dug before daylight 150 yards nearer in. Johnson, as he dug, said, 'This is my grave.' We did a good deal of execution that day, and had not so many deaths as we expected. A little after dark we were both alive and were preparing to start for the camp, when I said, 'Well what has become of our presentiment?' He pointed to a twirling arch of fire and cried, 'Down!' All the party were down in an instant. I saw it hover and grow larger. 'God's will'—but before he could add 'be done,' there was a crash over head and I saw and heard no more. I felt as if the explosion had taken place in the inside of my skull, and that all my brains had leapt into a firmament of sparks. The shell had burst before reaching the ground (where it would have exploded upwards and swept over our heads in the pits), and the deadly iron shower dropped upon us as we lay. There was a fragment above half a pound weight in the middle of Johnson's heart, and a smaller splinter had hit me on the helmet so hard that I was also taken up for dead.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"What followed, though I saw not, I conjecture to have happened somewhat on this wise. The honest fellows who carried us up to the camp perceived signs of life in me. I was attended to and judiciously treated with spoonfuls of beef tea while I lay in a state of darkness for many days. Spicer, a correspondent of one of the morning papers, who knew us as Smith and Johnson (his tent was not far from ours, and we had been on terms of grog and gossip), undertook the office of executor. Johnson used to furnish us with incidents and casualties from the advanced posts, and he had recorded some of our exploits in his columns. I thought him rather officious and inquisitive, though a good-natured fellow enough. He had entertained some suspicions that we were not exactly what we gave ourselves out, and looked on Johnson especially as a hero in disguise. Well Johnson was dead and I lying senseless. The letter in Johnson's pocket-book directed to you, would give his real name, in announcing the casualty in his all-important columns. He thought himself justified in breaking the seal, and found the name of Percy Denzil. He sealed it up again and enclosed it, mentioning in the cover the circumstances under which he had opened it. He found moreover plenty of circumstantial evidence among the luggage.* Among others a copy of my poems. But almost all in the tent belonged to me, for Johnson was poor, and many things were marked with my initials. Even the clothes Johnson wore were part of my wardrobe.

"I saw the paragraph in the paper before I got that letter."

"You have got that paragraph, darling, you showed it me the other day?"

"It is in my desk, dear. I will get it. Those wicked correspondents; I wonder whether they ever think of the hearts they harrow up with their random shots. He evidently took an artistic pleasure in dressing up the picturesque incident which was to stab me through and through. There it is, that bit of paper you take so coolly very near killed me on the spot."

"Yes, darling; but so did the splinter very near kill me; these hair's-breadth escapes are nothing when they are over.—'I have to record a casualty, too, by this post, by which a young and gallant heart has been released from the gnawing pangs of no mere corporeal wounds. The "death and danger" which most men brave from a sense of duty, have a charm for the unfortunate, whose load of life is weary to them, and who came to this great market-place of death to throw their unprized existence, as a widow's mite, into the patriotic fund of martyrdom, rejoicing to die with heroes in their country's cause. I have had occasion to notice heretofore some of the many dauntless, almost unparalleled deeds of daring, by which a young volunteer of the name of Johnson had for some time seemed to court his fate in vain. Yester-evening his corpse was brought up from the rifle-pits by his comrades, to whom his reckless hardihood in exposing his life to carry relief to the wounded had endeared him greatly. Some romantic mystery too seemed to attach to him; his manner was marked by profound melancholy, which only disappeared in the presence of peril. Death, the unveiler of secrets, has identified this so-called Johnson with Mr. Percy Denzil, a young gentleman whose destinies in life and love are said to have been crossed by the bar sinister which defaced his otherwise noble escutcheon, but could not extinguish the instincts of a strain of the true Norman blood which flowed through historic warriors and statesmen from immemorial ages. Mr. Denzil is known to the world of literature by the volume of pathetic lyrical poems, which so vividly embody the pangs of an unfortunate passion, with whose history the world of fashion is already familiar. To those whose ears the whispers of the salons reach not, it may suffice to intimate, that his affections had fallen a prey to the charms of a lovely, highly, and *richly* gifted maiden, who (not, as it is reported, insensible to his passion), as the representative and heir of an ancient race, sacrificed her own preference and wrecked the hopes of this gallant heart on the altar of family pride. A companion of young Denzil's, who went by the (probably also assumed) name of Smith, but to whose real identity there is no clue, lies dangerously wounded (contusion of the brain) by a fragment of the same shell which terminated the career of his comrade. He remains insensible, but some slight hopes are entertained.'"

"Then I got your letter. The first I had seen of your writing since our correspondence had been broken off long ago. Written the night before your death, with an appeal to be remembered kindly, and a solemn assertion, that you knew of nothing on your own part which could have accounted for my sudden change, unless it had been the discovery of long past indiscretions, which you had fully confessed and implored oblivion for in the letters which had been returned. You referred to Knyvett, as a witness of your truth and fidelity. You begged me to read the journal—you alluded to the will. Neither the journal nor the will arrived. I saw the traitor. He was very compassionate of you in manner, but never relented. He became troublesomely attentive. In the meantime, though I made many inquiries for the parcel containing the journal, it never arrived. It now appears he must have intercepted it. While things were in this state a lady was announced who wished to see me on some occasion of great importance. 'I could see nobody! What sort of a lady, and why did she not send her name?' 'She was a *belle signora* in deep mourning, and would not give her name. She was in the ante-room of my boudoir.' She came forward; it was Mrs. Devereux. I felt surprised and angry at such an intrusion at such a time—who was *she* in mourning for? She, however, took me by surprise by throwing herself violently down on her knees at my feet, crying, 'Forgive me! I am a perjured wretch. I have come to confess all my wickedness!' and she seized my hand and burst into an hysterical fit of weeping and wailing. I listened to her, and she laid bare the whole tissue of her own and Ambrose's and Knyvett's crime, and how she had got a letter from her Walter, written the night before his death, telling her if she wished his spirit to forgive her and lie quiet, she was to come to me and clear you if she had been guilty of the treachery he suspected. 'Oh!' she cried, 'I never knew how I loved him till now he is dead; and that good soul, Mr. Denzil, whom I have so injured, and who loved you with all his heart, and was as faithful as the day, he was kind to my Walter, as he was kind to me, and I have rewarded it with keeping you apart, and breaking his heart. Write to him, for God's sake, and forgive him, though, indeed, there is nothing to forgive. For my Walter says his spirit will never forgive me till Mr. Denzil is righted.'

"'Mr. Denzil is dead too, wretched woman!' I said.

"'My God!' she shrieked, 'the blood of both of them is on my head; and my Walter's spirit will curse me for ever. Let me go! What is your forgiveness worth to me now?' So she departed; and soon after the traitor came. He was unusually soft and tender in his manner. I let him go on, feeling like a coiled snake, ready to strike. He wound about, and talked of his sympathy with my grief at the snapping of the last tie of an unfortunate attachment; he had smothered his own feelings, for friendship's sake, as long as any hope remained of my forgiving one whom I still seemed to find it difficult to forget. I sat silent, waiting. I suppose my silence encouraged him. At last he ended with a declaration of love. I rose and turned my face (which had been partly averted and shaded by my hand while I listened to the trickling poison of his sentences) full upon him. He rose and staggered like a drunken man; and then I spoke to him. All the pent up storm of hate and scorn flashed upon him in words and looks that were as swift, and keen, and deadly, and which I had no more conscious agency in framing than a cloud has when the lightning breaks from it. He said nothing, and was gone!

"He was in great straits, and it was his last chance with his creditors. He levanted immediately. Some of his forged acceptances were due in another month. He could have raised money on my will, if——

"Ambrose had heard too, and he came to condole with me; and I spoke to him also, but not quite so severely, for he cared about me for myself now I was no longer an heiress. My step-mother's little boy had just been born at Nice. Then a letter came to me from the East. One of Miss Nightingale's brigade of good angels at Scutari. 'She had a patient who had been some time suffering from brain fever, and who in his delirium called upon my name, and dictated letters to me. He had come into the hospital under the name of Smith, but in his ravings called himself Denzil. The brain fever seemed to be settling into chronic aberration of mind, which some melancholy oppression seemed to prevent from rallying. The doctor said if there was such a person as Edith Clarel in existence her presence was the best chance of saving the invalid, who seemed to be gradually sinking.'

"And it proved that there was such a person; and her presence did save him. She stood by his bed-side, in good dreams, at first, with shining wings on her shoulders; but after a while she moulted her wings, and sat by his bed-side in bodily presence; and has never thought of taking wing or leaving his side again. So far from it, with a view to those proprieties of which she is a distinguished model, she consented to be one of the principal performers in a very slovenly marriage ceremony, with Sisters of Charity for bridesmaids, a superintendent to give her away in very broad Scotch, and an invalided chaplain from the —— Division to read the service. The wedding breakfast consisted of a basin of chicken broth for one, administered by the lovely and accomplished bride to the happy but helpless bridegroom. However, under such conditions, a speedy convalescence was inevitable; and accordingly took place at a commodious kiosque, amid gardens and shrubberies, on the Bosphorus. Then, as winter set in, we betook ourselves to the River Nile; and in spring we rode through the Holy Land. We passed a summer on the breezy slopes of Lebanon; and this spring we came by Greece to Venice. Here the principal event has been Gaetana's marriage; and I hope she has completely renounced the idea that Julian has a 'a dog's heart.' Now, what more, dear wife, can the readers of our story want to know? Shall I tell them that we are beginning to find we have duties to perform, and that a sense of those duties warns us that it will not do to float about the world simply occupied with our happiness and amusement? Shall I tell them that when we have finished the novel we are writing together, we intend to purchase the villa (late property of Sir Trymley Shifthelm, Bart.), and sink some money on the purity principle in Hudulepoint, which your father is tired of representing, and which the countess, your amiable step-mother, says makes Caercombe uninhabitable, even at nine miles distance? How shall we wind up, darling? Can't you write a nice little flourish, and say something clever or amiable to the public, to point our moral, and adorn our tale?"

"In the first place, dear, you must read over to me all you have written. I am afraid there is a great deal of it that will not do at all."

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CHAPTER XXIV.—AND LAST.

"Well, pet, now you have read it over, what do you think?"

"I think, dear, we had better burn it. I think it is a most uncomfortable and discreditable story; I don't think if our enemy had written it he could have put us in a more unfavourable light. What have we done that we deserve to have the naked, ghastly dry bones of our story gnawed by snarling critics, while we are alive to hear them. I should not have minded helping you to compile our memoirs from the old journals, if we ever get them again, for our great grandchildren."

"That we may do still; but what are we to do in the meantime with the magazine. What are we to say to the editor?"

* Should any one be disposed to inquire what had become of the faithful Sapin, I may mention here how that worthy disappeared from this history. On starting hurriedly for the Crimea, *via* Marseilles, I left him with sufficient funds to man the *Petrel*, and bring her round, with a variety of accessories towards dying comfortably at the seat of war. Sapin had no taste for battles, and it seems made use of his opportunities otherwise. He manned the yacht on his own account with mariners from the Spanish main; intending apparently to sell her in some out of the way part of the world, and add the proceeds to his other savings. As far as can be ascertained, he forgot in his calculations to take into account the evil in human nature. His crew, probably without any intention of poetical justice, are reported to have thrown him overboard, as an unnecessary part of the cargo, on the high seas. Still this may be a rumour spread by Sapin himself, as the cuttle-fish darkens its track with a sepia cloud. At any rate the *Petrel* was last heard of in the hands of a gang of ruffians at San Francisco; and Sapin has left as little trace as if he had (which is on the whole perhaps most likely) been digested bodily by some uncommunicative shark of nowhere particular in the Pacific Ocean.

"Tell him that you have tried to wind up the story for him, and you are sorry to find it is not fit for contemporaneous publication; but that if his magazine is existing in the reign of Albert the Sixth, our great-great-grandson will supply his successors with our memoirs, if the readers are still anxious to hear more about us. There, I have lit the taper—let me burn this at once."

"Thank you, dear; but don't you think, now it is written, if I was to seal it up, and send it to the editor—? If it is not likely to be any satisfaction to his readers—whom he no doubt understands better than we do—he will throw it into his waste-paper basket. But if he likes to print it, for my part I don't think any harm will come of it. Did you ever hear of any hero or heroine of a novel being in any way inconvenienced, even by popular notoriety, *I* never did. And why should we, who shall be forgotten before next month?"

"But then the heroes and heroines of novels are usually mere ideal creations of some story-teller's brain."

"But people read their stories gravely, and think about them as if they were real till the end of the third volume, and after that never trouble their heads about us. If we treat ourselves as the novelists treat their ideal personages, the public will pass us over; but if we make too much fuss about our privacy and publicity they will begin to think there is something in it. Besides, how do you know for certain that we are not ideal personages.

You know Bishop Berkeley said,—"

"I know 'it was no matter what he said.' But if you talk in that way, your readers will think you never quite got over the Crimean contusion."

"No more I have, very likely, for I have a headache, and am sick of the sight of all this scrawled and blotted manuscript. Yes, that has made me nearly well, my own, so let us seal it all up, and send it off. For the Austrian officials at the post-office will take a long while puzzling over such a large packet of manuscript, before they are convinced that it is not the programme of a conspiracy for the re-establishment of the Lombardo-Venetian Republic."

And now, sir, apologising for the unceremonious crudeness of this composition, which you may print or burn, as you prefer,

I remain, with much regret that you should ever have been troubled with our affairs at all,

Your obedient servant,

PERCY DENZIL.

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On republishing the first instalment of this novelette which is now complete, we stated the grounds for presuming that it was an early work of W. M. Thackeray. Three or four weeks ago, however, a correspondent at Baltimore noticed an allusion in one of the numbers to crinoline, which was fatal to our presumption, inasmuch as that peculiar article has not been in recognised existence more than ten or a dozen years. This induced us to look more narrowly into the pages that we had but skimmed over previously; and we found another proof that the story could not date back beyond 1853, or thereabouts. The reader will perceive in a note, to-day, that mention is made of the Crimean war! It is clear therefore that Thackeray could not have written this dash at life and manners in his youthful years. The question remains, did he write it at all; and if not, why should the gathered fragments bear such marks, as we have described, of his interest and close supervision. A friend, familiar with the literary circles of London, believes that it is from the pen of Mr. Cayley, a son of Sir George Cayley, and on intimate terms with the deceased novelist. —Ed. A.

TREES IN A HYGIENIC POINT OF VIEW.

Trees, which confer so much beauty on many parts of the earth's surface, likewise exercise several useful functions, for which they are not always given credit. People plant them near their dwellings, to which they are supposed to impart a certain aristocratic air, though they have all the while not quite made up their minds whether to treat them as friends or enemies. Every summer, in the suburbs of London, you witness a sort of *arboricidia*, or massacre of trees, when the gardeners, with villainous knives, bill-hooks, and hatchets, screw thick the paths and pavements with the mutilated limbs of elms, lindens, and sycamores, leaving the parent stocks to raise their stumpy heads very little above the walls. The excuse for this exhibition of bad taste is, that the drippings spoil the gravel-walks, and incommode passengers in the suburban streets; for which reason, more than one sapient vestry has ordered the performance of this ridiculous process through the whole extent of its jurisdiction.

An idea, originating possibly in superstition, or else in mere ignorance, attributes to trees a deleterious influence, if planted near a house; for which reason, many persons prefer having their walls, doors, and window-frames baked and frizzled by the heats of summer, to keeping cool their domiciles by the delicious shade of a grove. Few old nations indulged in this way of thinking. They appear, either by instinct or divination, to have discovered the truth which a subtle philosophy has now revealed, that there is in all soils a sort of virus, which will attack human life, if not counteracted by certain contrivances of art. Careful observers have noted that you may augment the sweetness of the rose by planting garlic near it; for the latter, attracting to itself the coarse and rank juices of the soil, leaves the sweeter and more delicate to find their way unimpeded to the flower. So it is with man's dwelling, to insure to which a pure and fragrant atmosphere, you must accept from nature those tall green chimneys called trees, which imbibe and carry aloft into the air those hurtful gases which, if admitted into the lungs and brain, might disease the former, and obstruct the delicate movements of the latter.

We find it to be an almost universal conviction, that trees largely contribute to insure health to man. Throughout Egypt, villages are built either in the midst of palm-groves, or in their immediate vicinity, in order that, during summer, the inhabitants may enjoy the delicious shade afforded by those majestic trees, which, mingling their evergreen leaves above, just allow the celestial beams to glance for a moment on their humble roofs, and then again to be lost among pleasing shadows. When, mounted on your dromedary, you have been toiling for hours over the scorching sands, how delightful is it to plunge into the cool shade of a village grove, and listen to the multitudinous whispers overhead of the date-fans with which the breeze is sporting. Higher up the river, in every hamlet, there is an open space, in the midst of which rises a huge sycamore, which, throwing out its boughs on all sides, covers a large extent of ground, with dense shade. Clean wooden benches surround the trunk; and here, during the great heats of summer, the men of the place assemble to smoke and chat; while the women, raised on prayer-carpets, enjoy a similar pleasure in secluded stations.

In remote ages, prophets and prophetesses commonly made their dwellings beneath some spreading tree, to which came the members of surrounding tribes, either for the purpose of prying into the future, or to learn truths connected with their peculiar duties. Those personages were usually long-lived, and may swing, perhaps, to the calm in which their days were spent, but partly also owing to the wholesome site of their habitations. The yoghis in India still live, like the prophets of old, under leafy roofs, and weed and sweep the spaces about the stems of the trees so carefully, that not a leaf or blade of grass interferes with the cleanliness of their floors. Here they sit or walk, or go through their penances, while the sweet breeze plays about them, enters into their blood, and insures them health, with an almost preternatural length of days. The hermits of the middle ages cultivated a similar taste, and selected, some an oak, some an elm, some a walnut or chestnut tree, under which to tell their beads, and excite the admiration of the simple country-people. Travellers used to be shown in Vallombrosa the grand old beech under which a renowned hermit had built his cell; and the belief survived, long after he had been gathered to his fathers, that the tree which had been thus honoured always looked much greener than its neighbours.

There was a monk in the promontory of Sinai who took up his residence under a noble acacia, which was fuller of leaf, more lofty and spreading, than any other in that part of the country. The devotees who went daily to minister to his wants, which were few and simple, attributed the beauty of the tree to the sanctity of the anchorite; overlooking a fact which might have accounted for the phenomenon upon different principles. A magnificent fountain of pure water gushed forth from between the roots of the acacia, which it supplied with more abundant moisture than that wild inhabitant of the desert usually enjoys. The Arabs of the neighbouring waste, though professing a different creed, held this monk in much reverence because of the supposed favour shown him by the tree; and when one generation after another passed away, and saw the same old man under the acacia, they had recourse to miracle to explain his longevity. He lived, they say, twenty years longer than the prophet Mousa, or Moses, and might have gone on forever, but that, growing tired of his wholesome dwelling-place, he wandered away into the desert, where he was killed by the simoom. Down in the south among the Coffee Mountains, where people certainly attain to a great old age, nearly all houses are built under the shelter of trees, which grow so near that their boughs touch, and form a canopy extending along the acclivities for miles. Under these umbrageous arches, the coffee-shrub puts forth its snowy blossom, and ripens its delicious berries, sometimes in close proximity to the jasmin and the rose. In some portions of America, travellers imagine that trees are inimical to human life, because cypress forests are unhealthy, though the trees run up with a clear stem to a great height, and, like the date-palm, branch only at the top. But it should be remarked that this kind of cypress grows in swamps, where, during six months of the year, its roots are immersed in stagnant water, where snakes, alligators, toads, frogs, lizards, and other repulsive reptiles batten in the slime and ooze. Where the ground is firm, forests are always healthy, if cleared of underwood and creepers, which obstruct the free play of the winds between the grand columnar trunks. It is well known that among the early settlers, many cut down the woods, and laid large tracts of country completely bare, which emitting their miasmata all at once, poisoned the atmosphere, and engendered destructive fevers. Those clearings are admitted to be best in which the trees are thinned, not extirpated; for when they dot the scene singly or in small clumps, they allure and keep up refreshing breezes, and pump up and diffuse aloft an abundance of noxious gases.

Our neighbours the Dutch plant their towns and cities so thickly with trees that they may almost be said to live like the ancient Britons in woods. Every day, as you walk or ride along, you see bevies of industrious dames sitting on wooden benches, beneath an odoriferous canopy of lindens, sewing or knitting stockings, or else engaged in other profitable occupations; and naturalists maintain that the trees which adorn the towns of Holland contribute very largely to render them and the whole country healthy. Every road, canal, square, and public promenade is bordered with trees, sometimes disposed in avenues several leagues long. The same taste has accompanied the Dutch into all their colonies, especially Java, where there is no house without its grove. In the city of Batavia, built in the midst of a morass, every street is planted with trees in straight lines, exactly after the fashion prevalent in Holland. It is true that, in spite of these helps, old Batavia is still unhealthy; but in the new quarters, where the oriental substitutes for lindens are more lavishly planted, the air is pleasant and salubrious.

Even the famous upas, about which, in former times, so many deadly fables were circulated, is found by experience to be a highly agreeable neighbour. A friend of ours had one of these trees in his garden, which, instead of emitting fatal effluvia, afforded so enticing a shade that he used frequently to sit or lie under it to read or dream of home. Everybody in the East is a tree-worshipper. In America also, the gigantic sycamore, the live oak, the yellow poplar, and many other trees, are transported from the forest to beautify the neighbourhood of houses. Like the Roman general who took a fancy to live in a tree, and told his friends he preferred it to stately halls and gilded saloons, there was lately, in the Northern States of the American Union, a judge who resolved to study law in the same sort of pavilion. But because he could not conveniently go to the tree, he reversed the achievement of Mohammed, and made the tree come to him. Of this proceeding, one of the judge's countrymen, having described a sycamore near Marietta, which measured forty-six feet in circumference, says, "we have seen one on the Big Miami, which we thought still larger. The judge of whom we have spoken cut off a section of the hollow trunk of another sycamore, and applied a roof to it, and fitted it up for a study. It was regularly cylindrical, and when fitted up with a stove and other arrangements, made an ample and convenient apartment. We saw this gigantic section of a tree conveyed on sleds prepared on purpose, and drawn by a sufficient number of oxen to its resting-place."

Our towns would be far more healthy if trees were called in to aid the work of the excavator and scavenger—but not lopt and mutilated trees, which, instead of purifying the atmosphere, pollute and corrupt it by throwing forth deleterious miasmata from their wounded veins. The old mansions of the English nobility, though not always built on well-chosen sites, are yet generally healthy, chiefly because they are

Bosomed high in tufted trees,

which shelter them from the cold winds of winter and spring, and in summer prevent that sudden and rapid evaporation, which, after heavy rains, may generate disease. Nearly all the older towns of Germany used to be screened on one side exposed to the wind thought most hurtful in that part of Europe. Here in England the notion formerly prevailed, that walnut-trees diffuse around them gases so noxious that to inhale them during sleep would produce paralysis. This fancy by no means flourishes in Switzerland, where country-houses are often so thickly surrounded by these supposed enemies to human vigour, that you may pluck the fruit from your window. Close to a very pretty rural habitation in which we resided for a considerable time, were several lofty and magnificent elms, which extended their boughs over part of the roof. Talking with the landlord one day on the close proximity of our leafy friends, he observed, that in some parts of the country, no man would erect a new house unless it were protected on the east by a few elms or lindens. "A friend of mine," he added, "having been tempted by the offer of a large sum of money to cut down eight or ten lofty elms, under the shade of which he had grown up from a boy, soon underwent the punishment of his greed, for the house became so cold in winter, and so unhealthy in summer, that after vainly endeavouring to supply the place of the elms by a new plantation, he had to sell his birthplace at a loss, and remove to a distant part of the canton."

In Eastern and Southern Russia, almost every hamlet stands in a grove, often, indeed, consisting of fruit-trees, to prune which, after the descent of the sap, is beneficial in a horticultural point of view, and no way injurious to health. It is the mutilation of trees in leaf that is objectionable. Of course, where no denizen of the forest is deciduous, it is impossible to avoid sinning against this rule, though even the least civilized of men are aware that the letting loose of the sap of many trees at once renders the air unwholesome. In the Indian Archipelago, therefore, when the natives are about to construct a village, they cut off, about forty feet from the ground, the tops of a great number of trees, and leave them for some days to exhale their juices in the sun, before they begin to lay down the floor of their future habitation. When kept clean, few places of residence can be more delightful than such a village. Most oriental trees diffuse around them a delicate fragrance in the morning, and this odour floating in clouds through the air, would, but for the habits of the inmates, convert those aërial dwellings into so many perfumed nests. Caligula, in one of his romantic moods, transformed an immense plane-tree into a rustic abode, near Valetri, and there waited on by numerous servitors, feasted and drank with his favourite guests. Captain John Smith, the second founder of Virginia, having a strong tendency towards the delights of a savage life, imitated on a small scale the freak of the Roman emperor, and, in the woods of one of our midland counties, made himself a cabin of boughs, where he lived rent-free for a considerable time before his departure for America.

In many parts of France, there still exist a strong prejudice against trees, for which reason we observe large tracts of country presenting to the traveller a barn and unsightly aspect. The inhabitants of Paris and most of the larger cities have subdued this repugnance, so that in summer one of the most common pleasures is to sit in shady groves, refreshed by cool breezes. Everybody knows the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg, and what may be termed the wood of the Champs Elysées, which constitute the favourite resort of the Parisians. To the habit of lounging in these places, one of our poets alludes in the following lines:

Where, if one's romantic, one everywhere sees
Jew clothes-men like shepherds reclined under trees.

Even in the cafés on the Boulevards, if there be a morsel of open ground behind the house, it is sure to be shaded by a few stumpy elms, in dreary imitation of a grove; and beneath the imaginary shelter suggested, rather than afforded, by their shrivelled foliage, the natives, in the enjoyment of rural bliss, sip their coffee and smoke their cigars. Objecting one day to a Frenchman that those elms looked very much like posts, he replied: "C'est vrai, monsieur; mais après tout, ce sont des arbres;" which was not to be disputed. But the mirth below more than compensated for the want of leaves above. There appeared to be a consciousness in the old trunks which had enjoyed the pleasantries, and been blackened by the smoke of many generations. Down on the *Landes* along the sea-coast, numerous experiments were made before a tree could be discovered which would resist the influence of the saline breezes; but at length the *Pinus maritima* came to the assistance of the rustics, and effectually protected them against the corroding breath of the ocean. Behind plantations of this pine, villages and gardens are rapidly multiplying, so that it may be hoped immense tracts of land, previously barren, will soon be added to the domain of husbandry. Lord Palmerston, we believe, was the first person in these kingdoms to follow the example of the French. On his estates in Ireland, lying along the edge of the Atlantic, he has planted whole woods of the *Pinus maritima*, and thus has added to the area of cultivation a large extent of country.

It has been very reasonably maintained that even the terrible Sahara itself might gradually be rendered fertile by the assistance of this pine, for the soil having been formerly the bed of the ocean, more recently upheaved than the rest of the continent, is still so saline throughout the whole superfices of the desert, that nothing but sea-loving trees and plants will flourish in it. Once, in Nubia, we noticed a *Fellah* sitting under a sycamore lost in thought, and entering into conversation with him, discovered that he was a man of genius meditating on the prosperity of his country. Turning a hostile look upon the inrolling sands of Libya, he said: "I have just been reflecting on the best means of keeping back these destructive invaders. I would plant along the edge of the *Tell* [cultivated country] two thick rows of this tree"—pointing with his finger to the one overhead—"and as they grew, they would effectually defend the valley."

He was correct only in par', for, to accomplish the purpose he had in view, it would be necessary to plant, not two rows, but fifty. There seems to be a nascent spirit of enterprise springing up in that part of the Mohammedan world; plantations of sycamore, date-palms, and mimosa thickets are multiplying, though not rapidly; and if adequate encouragement were held out to cultivators, the breadth of useful soil in Egypt and Nubia might be augmented by one-third, and afford means of subsistence to two additional millions of inhabitants. A new plantation in the Nilotic valley is one of the strangest-looking things in the world; about each young tree is built up a round thin enclosure of clay, which looks like a diminutive well, generally about four feet deep, and about nine inches on all sides from the stem. The object is to prevent sheep, goats, and young cattle from browsing on the leaves; against camels, there is no protection but the bastinado.

Among ourselves, one of the trees against which the strongest prejudice exists is the yew, which, because it is commonly planted in churchyards, is called funereal, fatal, deadly, and what not. To eat its berries, is equivalent, in rustic belief, to taking a quantity of prussic acid; and to sleep under its shade, quite as sure a passport to the other world as taking a nap in the Pontine Marshes. That these are absurd fancies, we know by experience, for we have eaten the berries a thousand times, and slept in boyhood on a grassy grave under its spas-like boughs, indebted to their dreaded shelter for protec-

tion from the night dews. What may have associated this tree with death, is the fact, that with its wood men anciently made bows, which sent confusion and slaughter into many a great army. In other respects, the yew, sad and gloomy as it may look, is a sweet and friendly tree, close to whose stem you may sit dry in the heaviest shower, while you stay your hunger with its berries. How many a country churchyard is rendered comfortable by its masses of foliage; and how pleasant it is in winter to be sheltered from the outer gate to the porch by its dense and overarching boughs! One of our old poets, not in these days much read, breaks out into praise of the yew in the following fine verses:

> Next came the melancholy yew, who mourns
> With silent languor at the warriors' urns;
> See where she comes, all in black shadow veiled;
> Ah, too unhappy nymph, on every side assailed!
> Whom the Greek poets and historians blame
> (Deceived by easy faith and common fame);
> Thee, as a guilty poisoner they present;
> O false aspersers of the innocent!
> If poets may find credit when they speak
> (At least all those who are not of the Greek),
> No baneful poison, no malignant dew
> Lurks in, or hangs about the harmless yew;
> No wily mischief dares the nymph invade,
> And those are safe that sleep beneath her shade.

One of the most striking examples of the use of trees in promoting, and preserving health, came under our own notice some years ago. A gentleman, along the extremity of whose garden ran a ditch, received no injury from its proximity, till, in an unfortunate hour, a thick row of elders, which grew upon the brink, was cut down. Almost immediately, low fever attacked the family, and not only reduced them to a state of great weakness, but returned at short intervals, till they removed to another locality.

"LADY KITTY CROCODILE."

During the month of April, 1776, there was great excitement in London. In London?—throughout England. And no wonder. A duchess was being tried in Westminster Hall for bigamy: such an event does not happen every day.

Elizabeth Chudleigh, generally admitted to be one of the most beautiful young women of her time, was the daughter of Colonel Chudleigh, a gentleman of good Devonshire family, and through her father's interest with Mr. Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, she obtained the post of Maid of Honour to the wife of Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest son of King George the Second. While on a visit in the country at the house of her aunt, a Mrs. Hanmer, Miss Chudleigh made the acquaintance of Mr. Augustus John Hervey, a lieutenant in the navy, and the third son of the celebrated John, Lord Hervey (afterwards Earl of Bristol), by the lovely Mary Lepel. This Mr. Hervey was born May 18, 1724. Early in life he entered the navy, passed with credit through the subordinate grades of his profession, commanded a ship of war in 1747, and subsequently gained the rank of vice-admiral and colonel of marines. In 1761 he sat in Parliament for St. Edmundsbury, and was appointed one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to George the Third. In 1771 he was made one of the Lords of the Admiralty; and on the death of his brother, in March, 1775, he succeeded to the title of Earl of Bristol. It is with an earlier passage in his life, however, that we have now to deal.

The young lieutenant, it seems, fell desperately in love with Miss Chudleigh, and sought her hand in marriage. He was not the first suitor for that honour, however. The Duke of Hamilton had already paid his court and been accepted. Absent from the country on a foreign tour, he still corresponded with the lady. It had been arranged between them that their union should be celebrated as soon as possible, but in the meantime their engagement was to be kept secret. Mrs. Hanmer, for some unexplained reasons, opposed this plan, intercepted the lover's letters, persuaded her niece that he was false to her—did all she possibly could to induce Miss Chudleigh to break with the duke and favour young Mr. Hervey. Finally Mrs. Hanmer triumphed, and a clandestine marriage was solemnised in 1744 at Lanlston, in the county of Northampton, between the Honourable Augustus John Hervey and the beautiful Elizabeth Chudleigh.

This hasty marriage had of course to be repented at leisure. The dream of love was very brief—had a rough awakening. When too late, the young wife became acutely conscious of the folly she had committed. She had married a younger son: poor, dependent, and, in dread of parental wrath, unable to acknowledge his marriage and present his wife to the world. Mrs. Hervey felt her position to be shameful, insupportable. Her ungovernable temper made itself manifest. She visited her anger upon her boy-husband. Such love as she had ever felt for him changed to indifference, to positive hatred. Almost immediately she insisted upon a separation, returned to London, resumed her place at Court, tried to rid herself of the recollection of her folly in a round of gaiety and dissipation. Afterwards, in strict retirement at Chelsea, she gave birth to a child, which survived its birth but a short time. In the eyes of the world she was still Miss Chudleigh, and unmarried. A few suspected, if they did not know, the truth, and every now and then indulged in mysterious whispers on the subject.

She now took all possible pains to conceal the fact of her marriage. For a time her husband seems to have sought to remove the estrangement which had grown up between them; his affection had survived hers. He saw his wife treated by the world as a single woman, still young and beautiful, a crowd of suitors for ever following her. He grew jealous, importunate. She was deaf, blind, dumb to him. In desperation he threatened to proclaim publicly his marriage, and to enforce his authority as a husband. The wretched woman was at bay, and turned upon her foe and her persecutor, as she chose to consider him. This ill-starred marriage was an incessant obstacle in her path—hindered the realization of all her dreams of fortune and ambition—effectually fettered her to ruin and humiliation. Well, this marriage should be as though it had never been. Her mind was soon made up. She would defy her husband. He might do his worst. Let him proclaim the marriage, and prove it if he could. The clergyman who had performed the marriage ceremony was dead—so far she was safe. The registry in the church remaind. With a faithful friend she journey to Lanlston, sought out the parish clerk, was soon in the vestry of the church, with the book containing the proof of her marriage in her hand. The confederate engaged the attention of the clerk, then a leaf was abstracted from the register of marriages in the pariah of Lanlston, and all evidence of her youthful folly was gone.

Twenty years had passed since the marriage, and Mrs. Hervey had not yet availed herself of her crime to contract a new union. Her husband had ceased to care for her—sought her love no longer, perhaps understood her better than he had done formerly; or—rumour said as much—was paid a price for his convenient silence and indifference; had sold his wife, in fact, for a large sum handed him by her lover, afterwards her husband (bigamous), the Duke of Kingston. But before this second marriage had taken place, the then Earl of Bristol was reported to be dangerously ill. This was in 1765. Gilly Williams wrote to George Selwyn, "Report says Lord Bristol is dying at Bath; if so, between the new Earl and the Countess of Bristol the town will not want diversion for some time." These two gossiping correspondents had probed this, as most other scandals, and arrived at the truth. Had Lord Bristol died at that time, the Honourable Augustus John Hervey would have been the new earl, his wife the new countess. But how if he were to fight her with her own weapons? if he were to deny the marriage—put her to the proof of it? By her own act she might miss being a countess. It was nothing to be the Honourable Mrs. Hervey, but it was something to be the Countess of Bristol. The lady then changed her plans, undid her own work, and so, as schemers cannot help doing occasionally, got entangled in her own trap. She endeavoured to restore the Lanlston register to its former condition; the officiating clerk was handsomely bribed; a fabricated leaf was now inserted in lieu of the genuine, which had been torn out and destroyed. If need was, she could now prove her marriage again.

The alarm was false, however. The invalid earl recovered; he was not so ill as he had been represented; he survived, indeed, ten years. There was no immediate risk of Mrs. Hervey gaining rank as countess. The story now takes a new complication. The husband seemed to be as anxious to be relieved of his wife as she was to be rid of her husband. Proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court ensued. A suit for the jactitation of the marriage was instituted. By virtue of a process of this nature, when one of the parties gives out that he or she is married to the other, whereby a common reputation of their marriage may arise, the party injured libels the other in the Spiritual Court, and unless the defendant offers proof of the actual marriage he or she is enjoined perpetual silence thenceforward on that head. It is clear that Mr. Hervey was in collusion with his wife in this matter; there was a skilful suppression of evidence, a mutual agreement to say nothing about the past, and the decree of the court, gained by a distinct conspiracy, implied an absolute nullification of the marriage, or rather, perhaps, decided that the alleged marriage was altogether supposititious, and had never taken place. The lady at last deemed herself free, and in 1766 was publicly married to Evelyn Pierrepont, second Duke of Kingston.

For some few years the duchess enjoyed the exalted position she had struggled so arduously and nefariously to obtain. She was in possession of wealth, and titles, and honours. Society, though it did not like her, and often whispered behind fans about her, and mistrusted her, yet could not ignore her altogether, could not close the door of its *salons* against her. She defied opposition, revenged herself by being arrogant and insolent to all, sought to beat down her foes by her desperate pride and impetuosity. But in September, 1773, the duke was dying. The Honourable Mrs. Boscawen announces the fact to Mrs. Delany:—"One of our physicians comes from Bath. He told me this morning that the duchess would have a consultation of four late last night, and added that 'it was a mere ceremony;' I believe he meant *farce*. She was in violent passions of grief, he said." Throughout the correspondence of the last century there is continual mention at this date of the Duchess of Kingston. The ladies of the period, it is evident, have an extraordinary objection to her, disbelieve from the first her love, her grief, her innocence; even her attendance upon her lord in his last illness moves their scorn rather than their sympathy. Indeed, it is hinted that to the last she was simply trying to induce him to alter his will, which contained certain strict provisions in relation to any new marriage his widow might contract. For his greater religious comforting, she sends to the river Jordan for water, but the Dowager Countess Gower writes but jestingly on the subject to Mrs. Delany, who comments severely in return. In the eyes of her critics the anguish of the duchess is so much affectation. "Everybody gaping for the Duke of Kingston's will," writes Mrs. Delany. "Four thousand a-year he settled on her at his marriage (if such it may be allowed). Her widowed grace fell into fits at every turn of the road from Bath. True affection and gratitude surely cannot inhabit such a breast!" Mrs. Boscawen chronicles: "The Duke of Newcastle had the custody of the Duke of Kingston's will, but the duchess was so ill (of grief) that she could not bear to have it opened; at length the duke said he could wait no longer, &c." By his will the testator, after giving his personalty absolutely to his widow, with a life interest in the whole of his real property, devised his estates to one of his younger nephews, excluding the heir-at-law, his elder nephew, Mr. Evelyn Meadows, "who expressed no concern at his disappointment," we are informed, though "his father was exceedingly affected." But nine months later, and we find that the heir-at-law is taking active measures; he has resolved to dispute the validity of his uncle's will. Mrs. Delany writes: "The Duchess of Kingston made a short visit in England; she came from Rome, where she was settled. She stayed twenty-four hours at her house at Knightsbridge, and then set off for Russia, her sudden flight occasioned by Mr. Evelyn Meadows having gone to law with her, to prove her marriage with Mr. Hervey, which it is thought he will certainly do, having gained a certain evidence of it—a man to whom the Duchess of K. gave ten thousand pounds for hush-money, and who for the same sum from Mr. Evelyn Meadows is gained against her. So rogues betray rogues." Mr. Meadows pressed on with his legal proceedings, which finally took the form of an indictment for bigamy. The duchess would have stayed abroad if possible, and defied him, but there was danger of outlawry. She was not without confidence in her case, backed by the decision of the Ecclesiastical Court, and she deemed it more prudent to return and stand her trial.

On the 15th of April, 1776, and several following days, Westminster Hall presented a grand appearance. Miss Hannah More was present with Mr. Garrick's ticket, and found the sight exceeded anything which those who had never been present at a coronation or a trial by peers could form an idea of. An audience of about 5,000 filled the Hall, amongst them Queen Charlotte and several members of the royal family. The struggle for place was very great. Mrs. Delany was offered a ticket for the queen's box, but "bravely refused" it, permitting Lady Andover to go in her place, declaring herself an old woman, whose senses of sight and hearing were both clouded by time. "The solicitude for tickets, the distress of rising early to be time enough for a place, the anxiety about hair-dressers (poor souls hurried out of their lives), mortification that feathers and flying lappets should be laid aside for that day, as they would obstruct the view from those who sit behind, all these important matters were discussed in my little circle last night.....How long it will last nobody knows." A party met at seven in the morning at Mrs. Delany's house in St. James's Place to go down to the Hall. It was necessary for the spectators to be in their places by eight. Miss More goes in great comfort through the house of the Duke of Newcastle, which had a private communication with the Hall. The king-at-arms commands silence on pain of imprisonment, but Miss More notes that his orders are but ill obeyed; and then the gentleman of the black rod brings in the prisoner, dressed in deep mourning; a black hood on her head, her hair simply dressed and powdered, a black silk sacque with crape trimmings, black gauze, deep ruffles, and black gloves. Miss More found small remains "of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured," thought, indeed, that the duchess resembled Mrs. Pritchard (the actress, at whose gentility Churchill sneered); was large and ill-shaped, with nothing white but her face; "had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazeen." "Four virgins in white," her attendants, stood behind the bar. On entering she curtsied profoundly to her judges, who bowed slightly in acknowledgment, and the lord steward called out, "Madam, you may rise." Miss More has the pleasure of hearing several of the peers speak, among them Lyttleton, Talbot, Townsend, and Camden, though they address themselves chiefly to proposals on common things. "There was a great deal of ceremony, a great deal of splendour, and a great deal of nonsense; they adjourned upon the most frivolous pretences imaginable, and did nothing with such an air of business as was truly ridiculous." Miss More adds that "the duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly." She affected to write frequent letters to her counsel, "though I plainly perceived," notes her critic, "she only wrote as they do their love epistles on the stage—without forming a letter." Apparently there was little sympathy with the accused in the minds of the audience.

The first day of the trial was devoted to formal and preliminary matters, though the court sat for twelve hours—rather trying to the powers of endurance of the full-dressed crowd, who were all that time without food, except such as they had brought with them, and afraid to leave their seats lest they should lose them altogether. Miss Hannah More and her companion, Mrs. Garrick, were fortunate. "We had only to open a door to get at a very fine cold collation of all sorts of meats and wines, with tea, &c., a privilege confined to those who belonged to the Duke of Newcastle." Miss More fancied that some of the peeresses envied them their places. She noticed that the Duchess of Devonshire and the Lady Derby had come provided with "good things" in their workbags. Mrs. Delanay's friends were less thoughtful. She waited dinner for them half an hour after four, but they did not come in until seven, fairly starved after their long fast, and ate their dinner voraciously; "mutton chops and lamb pye, lobster, and apple puffs, and drank their coffee between eight and nine."

Among the counsel engaged in the case was Thurlow, who was then attorney-general. According to Wraxall, the duchess was imprudent enough to make sarcastic allusion to the notorious dissoluteness and irregularity of his younger days, an offence he did not forgive, as his subsequent bearing towards the prisoner during the remainder of the trial sufficiently proved. The celebrated Dunning—afterwards Lord Ashburton—also appeared. His manner Miss More found to sufferably bad, "coughing and spitting at every three words; but his sense and expression were happy in the highest degree, and "he made her grace shed bitter tears." Dunning's voice was always husky, his utterance thick, his delivery monotonous, his appearance mean and abject, his manner wanting in grace and animation, yet his genius enabled him to triumph over these disadvantages. When he rose to speak every murmur was hushed and every ear attentive; it might be mere sophistry that he was uttering, but his admirably constructed sentences, the lucid arrangement of his subject, the logical method of his arguments, gave to all he said the effect of the profoundest and purest wisdom.—*To be concluded next week.*

SCHAMYL'S LAST STRONGHOLD.

The summit of this extraordinary mountain, called by the Russians the Gibraltar of the Caucasus, is slightly hollowed out like a shell, the ground rising from the centre to the edges, where the precipice goes sheer down a depth of from 500 to 1,000 feet. On the east side alone there is a descent terminating in the chasm through which we had ascended, and which was fortified in the manner described. The surface is covered with short succulent grass, affording good pasture for sheep and horses. About 6,000 of the former and 200 of the latter, we were told, were found on the mountain by the Russians. The land round the aoul had been well cultivated, and, in fact, everything wanted for the maintenance of a garrison, such as clothing and provisions, was contained within this natural fortification. One or two seams of coal cropped out from the side of the little valley, and, in fact, with the exception of the materials for making powder and a supply of lead, nothing was required from without. The former inhabitants were Avars, who were industrious and hard-working, living on their lofty eyrie isolated from the surrounding world, acknowledging no master, and interfering with no one. The aoul was prettily situated at the head of the little valley, and the numerous walls and enclosures round what had been cultivated patches, but which now bore only a luxuriant crop of weeds showed the amount of labour that had been expended by the late proprietors. They had been dispossessed by Schamyl, when, as a last refuge, he threw himself into Gounib at the head of 200 men, hoping to be able, by the aid of his emissaries, to raise a sufficient force of mountaineers to compel the Russians to retire should they besiege him in it, and, in the meantime, calculating that the cattle and corn of the villagers would be sufficient to maintain him and his small body of followers in their rock-bound position. However, the moment it was reported to Prince Bariatinsky whither the chief had fled, he ordered an immediate blockade of the mountain by all the disposable forces under his command, and soon concentrated twenty-five battalions round the spot.

As, owing to the resources possessed by the mountaineers, the siege, if merely a blockade, might have continued for a long period, and as also apprehensions were also entertained of a rising of the tribes in the rear, who would never abandon all hope of success as long as their chief remained at liberty, it was determined by the prince—who, arriving shortly after the investiture, took command of the whole force—to capture the stronghold by assault, at whatever cost of life. Accordingly three or four storming columns, furnished with ladders, commenced the attack, crossing the chasm in different places, and were met with a most determined resistance on the part of the defenders, who swept away whole ranks by showers of grape from two small pieces of cannon which they had brought with them into their retreat. But in the midst of the battle, when it seemed probable that the issue of the contest would be in favour of the defenders, shouts and shots were heard in their rear on the mountain's top, and the besieged, feeling they could no longer hold their position which they had maintained

with so much valour, at once abandoned their defences, and fled to the soul at the head of the little valley, where they prepared to make a last and desperate resistance. The storming had commenced at daybreak, when a regiment crept under the precipice on the side opposite to that where the garrison had mustered to oppose the threatened attack. The cliff at this point being considered inaccessible, no precautions had been taken for its defence, not even a sentry being stationed on the summit. The Russians, however, had resolved to scale it. By means of bars driven by hammers into the crevices of the rock, to which ropes were fastened as the climbers ascended, the summit of the rock was at last gained, and one by one the regiment reached the top unopposed and unperceived. One of the horses on the mountains being caught, the commanding officer at once led his men to attack the mountaineers in the rear, who then took refuge in the soul, where the more fanatic among them prepared to sell their lives as dearly as they could, resolving never to submit to Christian rule. The Russians, rapidly advancing, at once attacked them in position; and while the battle raged, and the defenders kept up a murderous fire from the roofs and windows of the fortress-like houses, Schamyl called his most devoted followers round him and asked them whether they would surrender or die fighting in this their last refuge. They all agreed on a surrender, with the exception of two murids, who, saying, "It is forbidden by the Book for a true believer to bow his head to the Christian yoke," prepared to sally out on the Russians and die fighting in the midst of the enemy. Schamyl hesitated for a moment whether he should accompany them, and thus make a fitting end to his career; but he was dissuaded by the others from such an act of desperation. The two fanatics, therefore, bidding their chief a last farewell, rushed out sword in hand among the Russians, and soon fell covered with wounds. Schamyl then hoisted a white flag on the roof of his house, and, the fire ceasing, came out and surrendered himself to General Lazareff. He and the other prisoners were conducted to Prince Bariatinsky, who after the mountaineers had retreated from their first line of defence had ridden up to the beech wood and had directed the last attack from thence. —*J. Usticrs.*

MR. LOWE; HIS PECULIAR STATUS.

The speech which Mr. Lowe made last Monday on the defence of Canada naturally suggests the thought that Mr. Lowe has now attained a position in which he can say what he pleases, while whatever he pleases to say commands and deserves attention. If he belonged to the class of rising officials, he could not say what he pleased, for he would have to consider whether his suggestions were practically possible and his conclusions practically sound. If he had not established a reputation for ability, and for vigour of thought and speech, he could not make such a proposition as that of defending Canada by leaving her to herself, without its being smiled at as a crotchet, or derided as an impertinence. He is one of those outsiders to whom the House listens, and he awakens always curiosity, and sometimes admiration, in those who hear or read his speeches. He has established himself as belonging to the class of politicians who are neither above nor below secondary officials, but run on a parallel and independent line. And what is worth noticing is, that this is perhaps as high a point as an Englishman who makes his way into Parliament without the advantages of rank or inherited fortune can, generally speaking, hope to reach. There are young men, with ability and all the advantages of education, who think that, if they could but push their way early enough, the goal of their success would be to enter Parliament and take their chance there. They may see in Mr. Lowe what they would be if they succeeded as they hope to succeed. Mr. Lowe has brought to public life a combination of unusual qualifications, and he has had more than usual good fortune. He not only went through a University career with great distinction, but he had an opportunity of acquiring that singular readiness in stating familiar propositions, that practice in measuring the delicate grades of human stupidity, and that patience under perpetual annoyance, which may be attained in so admirable a manner by a successful and laborious teacher of private pupils at Oxford. To this he added, first a knowledge of English law, and then a long acquaintance with colonial life, with its unscrupulousness, its shrewdness, its pertinacity, and its earnest parodies of Parliamentary government. He came back, and learnt and exhibited, in one of the best of schools, the art of writing contemporary criticism on public events. These, together with a readiness that never failed, and a confidence in himself and his opinions that never faltered, were his qualifications for the House of Commons. His good fortune lay in the ease and rapidity with which he made the political section of London society admire or yield to him, and in the readiness which was shown to pave the way for him, by placing at his disposal one of those boroughs which are supposed to be accessible to influence. And when the influence by which he first profited proved afterwards not to be influential enough, he was taken at once into a region where influence is at once indisputable and permanent. Parliamentary comfort and luck cannot well go further than in a man's being allowed to sit for Calne. Sure of his seat and of his position in the House—having tasted official life, and conscious that, if it is a vanity, it is a vanity that has not been denied to him—Mr. Lowe can now be independent, or solemn, or crotchety, as the humour takes him. He can speak, in fact, as a man speaks who is an authority at his club, and whose sensible and lively remarks are sure, as he knows, to gather round him plenty of listeners. To be able to talk in the House of Commons, as other men who resemble him talk at a club, is the peculiar form which Mr. Lowe's success has taken; and when we think of what the House of Commons is, how hard it is to get there at all, how very little weight most men have there to whom office does not lend importance, and how jealous the House usually is of anything like an attempt to teach it wisdom, we must acknowledge that a man is a decidedly successful man who can speak there as Mr. Lowe speaks, and is listened to with the attention which Mr Lowe receives.

It is not easy to see how an outsider—a man entering Parliament after youth is passed, without any passport to official circles, and without any political views which incline special classes or localities to look on him as their representative and leader—can go much higher. He is generally unfit for office. Mr. Lowe has been in office, without feeling or giving much satisfaction. The very qualities which secure such a man a prominent position unfit him for office. His readiness, his knowledge of men and things, his respect for his own success make him a very bad underling, and all officials must begin at the beginning. A young man, however great may be his consciousness of ability, is willing to serve under a chief, both because he thinks it natural that an older man should have his turn in his day, and also because he feels, or imagines, that long practical experience must give his chief some sort of superiority over him. But a man like Mr. Lowe does not easily recognise any one as his superior. A critic in clubs or in leading journals criticizes the very oldest and most famous statesmen on a footing of perfect equality. Why should he pretend to find and to recognize an imaginary superiority in statesmen of the second rank? If, for example, Mr. Lowe and Lord Granville are set to manage schools, why should not the Vice-President consider himself as able as the President to get up suddenly all about capitation grants, and certificates, and the feelings of the country clergy? And if in his office he sees anything he does not like, what is the good of his being there if he does not set at once to get rid of it? There is no more reason why permanent officials should be right than why he should be; and as he would have been prepared to criticize or denounce these permanent officials with very little information or investigation, provided he was himself persuaded that his immediate convictions were right, so he is not at all staggered at the thought of practically opposing or alighting them. Nor is he more reluctant to put aside in a summary way those who, whether in or out of Parliament, are inclined to argue, to remonstrate, or to confer with him. Why on earth, when he knows all that can be known on the subject, or at least is confident he could very soon know it all, should he be bored by people who plague him with questions that are not worth answering, and objections that he sees to be wholly irrelevant? Thus, as an official, a person like Mr. Lowe is apt to fail. He is apt to quarrel with his superiors, to thwart his staff, and to treat the general public with supercilliousness. We do not, of course, mean that Mr. Lowe has done all this. It would be very unfair to speak of him in a manner so harsh or so sweeping. But he has shown an unmistakeable tendency to move in this direction, and the consequence is that he has not been successful as an official, or, at any rate, his success as an official has not been nearly equal to his general success in Parliament.

And when once an independent and able man has begun to drift away from official life, he soon drifts away from it more and more. His whole pleasure and his whole influence consist in his saying things he could not say in office. He is valued because he brings the kind of intellect to criticize officials which is generally used to make officials; and this gives a piquancy to his remarks which official speeches often want. He has also the great advantage that, if he hits on any peculiar line of thought, he can follow it to the end, and can amuse himself and his hearers by seeing what it comes to. Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Horsman, for example, occupy each a position not unlike that occupied by Mr. Lowe, and they, like him, say what they think without any restraint. Mr. Roebuck hates the Federal States, their people, and their Government; he hates them strongly, and he hates them openly. He tells all the world what he thinks, and, as Mr. Bright regrets to observe, he has not been converted either by Mr. Bright's arguments or by Sherman's march. Many members have a faint feeling of the same sort, but do not like to show it. Still they enjoy hearing their own secret and faint feeling stated in a bold and violent form. In the same way, many members probably felt that it was really a very difficult thing to understand how any force we could possibly send to Canada could defend it against the overwhelming strength of the Federal army. They might not have liked to own the feeling; but it was lurking in their breasts, and they were therefore not disinclined to hear Mr. Lowe say broadly that English troops in Canada were altogether useless. It was putting a view of the subject that was well worth considering, and putting it in a picturesque and effective form; and as it came from an outsider, and in no way compromised the Government or the House, it could do no harm. Parliament would be very dull, and its debates would be very narrow and one sided, unless some of its members were qualified to treat important matters in this way. It is a great thing that there should be men who can force the ordinary kind of member to think a little, and to view matters from more than one point. A man of liberal and original mind who is not hampered by party ties, and has not got to debase himself by thinking how to please a large constituency, is sure to have something to say that deserves to be said; and the House has reason to be glad that Mr. Lowe belongs to it, that he sits for Calne, and that Lord Palmerston makes it certain that nothing which Mr. Lowe says in any way binds or commits the Government.—*Saturday Review, March* 18.

THE AQUATIC "DERBY DAY."

After one of the closest and most exciting contests on record, Oxford has achieved another victory over the sister University on the waters of the Thames. No finer boat race has been witnessed between Putney and Mortlake for many a year. The day was superb, the concourse unprecedented, the crews equally matched in weight, the betting even, and the issue uncertain from first to last. At starting, Cambridge took the lead and kept it so well that the spectators on Hammersmith Bridge were not easily persuaded that Oxford had won after all. Had the race been shorter, the superiority of Cambridge in "spurting" might have carried the day, but the long stroke proved as effective as ever in the long course. The real connoisseurs of rowing were never deceived by the apparent advantage of the Cambridge boat in short preliminary bursts against untrained eights. They knew that dash is no evidence of endurance, and that no crew can pull above a certain number of good strokes per minute for a distance exceeding four miles. The only wonder is that a lesson so often taught by experience should still have to be learnt by successive generations of oarsmen, and that no amount of practice or warning should be a security against starting off at a pace too good to last. Those who were fortunate enough to keep abreast of the race on Saturday will be at no loss to account for the success of Oxford. As the winners gained upon their opponents stroke by stroke, and stole by them almost insensibly, the value of superior discipline and the importance of maintaining a reserve of strength, were triumphantly manifest. It is possible that the introduction of outriggers has increased the temptation to clip the stroke, as it has certainly tended to modify the style of rowing in other respects. In the heavy match boats of our forefathers it was weight that told, and the greater resistance of the water to their bluffer bows lengthened and retarded the stroke. In the feather-like craft of modern days the oar goes more easily through the water, and there is more danger of burying the boat by a long backward swing. The consequence is, or seems to be, that the stroke is quickened, and the necessity for a due economy of power less perceptibly felt. Whether this be the true reason or not, there is a growing impatience in the rowing world of very long courses. Thucydides tells us that the Sicilian expedition began with a race of some twenty miles between the Athenian triremes, but this almost incredible feat is not likely to be attempted in the present day. Short distances are now generally preferred for races by land or water, and the highest speed, rather than the greatest endurance, is the quality most in demand with sportsmen.

The interest, however, of this annual rivalry between the two Universities is far more than professional. It is not so much a sporting event as a public exhibition of that physical training on which young Englishmen so justly pride themselves. There are other nations among whom muscular exercises enter more directly in the system of education, as they did among the ancient Greeks and Romans. In France, as well as in Germany, great attention is paid to the teaching of gymnastics, and it is more than probable that the highest prizes in an international *pentathlon* would be carried off by foreigners. But gymnastics, however useful in developing the symmetry of the frame, can never supply the place of those manly games which test "pluck" as well as strength and skill. Antagonism alone will call out in perfection that truly English virtue without which no man is fitted to hold a lead among his fellows. It has been said that a football match resembles a battle more nearly than anything else short of actual combat, and it would certainly be strange if the hero of the football field should play the coward before an enemy. Boat-racing does not look so fierce a pastime, but it involves a great deal more self-denial and taxes constitutional vigour far more severely. The sustained exertion of rowing at racing speed from Putney to Mortlake is one of which few are capable at all, and of which none are capable without careful preparation. An untrained man may put forth spasmotic energy in a single effort, but no impulse that can be given by the most powerful will to undeveloped muscles will enable them to work at high pressure for more than a very few minutes. It is quite possible, indeed, to over-train, but without training, and that of a kind which many would be unable and many more unwilling to stand, the strongest man would be worse than useless in an University Race. The perseverance, self-control, and fortitude to keep oneself in this condition for months together are of no ordinary kind, and the docility required to make a good oar an efficient member of a first-rate crew is perhaps still more rare. Yet victory depends absolutely on every man doing his duty; the slightest shuffling on the part of any one, from the stroke to the bow, in either boat would infallibly lose the race. It is this combination of qualities, this sense of responsibility, this devotion to what for the time assumes the proportions of a great cause, that ennobles and elevates the struggle, that justifies the enthusiasm of friends, and that inspires the passionate and deafening cheers of that mighty multitude as the boats flash by. The author of *Alton Locke* proves himself a true artist when he represents the misanthropy of his Chartist tailor as overcome by the spectacle of a Cambridge boat race. "The true English stuff came out there; I felt that, in spite of all my prejudices—the stuff which has held Gibraltar and conquered at Waterloo—which has created a Birmingham and a Manchester, and colonized every quarter of the globe—that grim, earnest, stubborn energy which, since the days of the old Romans, the English possess alone of all the nations of the earth."

If such be the elements of success, it is somewhat remarkable that either University should bear the palm for several years together. How is it that Cambridge won seven races out of eight between 1836 and 1849, and that since 1860 Oxford has won five races in succession? If it were a trial of intellectual prowess, we might be tempted to attribute such results to differences in the subjects or methods of education; but there can be no doubt that rowing is cultivated in the same manner and with equal zeal at Oxford and Cambridge. The president of the Cambridge Boat Club, speaking at the anniversary dinner after the match, attributed their failure to the inferiority of the Cam, and to the shorter residence required by the Cambridge statutes; but the former disadvantage is not new, and the latter is more than compensated by the numerical superiority of Cambridge over Oxford. It has been rumoured, indeed, that equal impartiality is not shown in the selection of the crews; and this suspicion is certainly confirmed by the fact of five out of the Cambridge eight belonging to one College—Trinity. St. John's contributes two, and the rest of the University are represented by one only. It is true that Trinity is almost an University in itself, and contains a large proportion of Public School men, from whom the best oars are usually drawn. Still, this circumstance, coupled with the continued predominance of Oxford on the river, deserves the consideration of those who are jealous for the honour of Cambridge. To the public in general it is enough that there should be, as there always is, a good race; and this wish was amply gratified on Saturday. Though the custom of spending some days at Putney before the contest allows ample opportunity for prediction, there was the greatest variety of opinion as to the merits of the two crews. Neither, it must be confessed, was perfect in form; but the determination and courage displayed by both in a neck and neck struggle must have satisfied the most critical that there is no degeneracy in the youth of our Universities, and will make the aquatic Derby Day of 1863 memorable in the annals of boat-racing.—*Times, April* 10.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY; AN ELECTION.

Last week there was an election in the Academy. Such an event has always been watched with interest in France, but under the Empire it has become of greater importance than ever. The only case of perfectly free election left in the country, it attracts an attention which not even the standing of the electors would secure for it under a Parliamentary Government. Political speculation, forbidden elsewhere, turns towards this, the only opportunity remaining for its exercise. But the election of last week exceeded in interest even the ordinary elections under the Empire. It was felt that more was involved in the result than a determination of the literary qualifications of the rival candidates. MM. Jules Janin and Prevost-Paradol were competitors for a vacant chair—the first the prince of French critics, the second the unflinching advocate of Ministerial responsibility and the power of initiating legislation in the Chamber, as the necessary conditions of free government. Both were admirably well fitted for election were their literary abilities alone considered; but the one had never aroused the resentment of the ruling Powers, while the other had fallen under the ban of M. de Persigny, and every successive Minister of the Interior had attempted to gag his utterance. When two such men sought the suffrages of the last free assembly in France it is not surprising that all Paris and, indeed, the whole intellect of the country should watch the proceeding and keenly speculate on the result. The electors, too, felt the responsibility of the situation, and almost every one who could by possibility be present attended to give his vote. On the one hand was M. Jules Janin, the literary veteran who had amused France for more than forty years, who had gaily canvassed the merits of every actor, every poet, and every painter that had risen above the horizon during that long period—subtle and discriminating in his eulogy, tender towards *débutants*, but terribly severe upon any attempt to trifle with the public; full of caprice, but in his caprice never losing sight of his one object,

—to maintain the high quality of the amusements which occupy the *élite* of Paris. Who could withstand an antagonist who had thus laid France under obligations, who had been a revered authority when the greater part of the existing generation of Paris were in their cradles, and who shared with the Emperor himself the glory of directing *Circenses*, if not of administering *panem?* Strange to say, M. Prevost-Paradol, a comparatively young author, unknown before the *coup d'état*, who had never intermeddled with popular amusements nor courted popular favour, whose great distinction was the persecution he had suffered from the *avertissements* of successive Ministers, was elected in preference to M. Janin. When M. Prevost-Paradol, a young man of twenty-seven, became principal editor of the *Journal des Débats* in 1856, he ventured with the confidence of youth to advocate a measure of freedom which on this side the Channel would be thought extremely moderate. That Ministers should be responsible to the representatives of the people, and that these elected representatives should be able to propose laws for adoption as well as accept those proposed to them, are reforms consistent with the maintenance of the Imperial dynasty and with the consolidation of the Imperial power; but M. de Persigny scented treason in these apparently innocuous suggestions and warned the traitor against persevering in the course he had entered upon. M. Paradol has given the world a picture of his situation after this warning. Like Scheherezade, he composed his story every night in fear and trembling lest on the morrow a term should be put to his labours; but he was more unfortunate than the maid in the "Arabian Nights"; she knew that the better her story was told the more chance she had of surviving, while M. Prevost-Paradol was too conscious that the better he wrote the more certain was his doom. In fact, he soon found that the warning of a Minister of the Interior cannot stand alone; when once fulminated it must be followed by other and, if need be, severer measures. Whatever M. Paradol wrote was harshly scrutinized; whatever journal received his contributions was put under the ban; his most harmless disquisitions on purely literary subjects were suspected of sinister meaning. Driven from post to post, and bringing risk of ruin upon those who accepted his assistance, it is said that he at one time thought of seeking in England the opportunities for the free exercise of his literary talents which were denied him at home. However that may be, he has remained in France the honoured associate of those who are foremost among her philosophers and historians; and as a practical comment on the persecutions of the Minister the Academy has now selected him, at an unusually early age, to become one of themselves.—*Ditto.*

DEATH IN THE SENATE.

A London paper of the 8th inst. thus closes an article on the tribute to Mr. Cobden's memory, paid in the House of Commons, as recorded in last week's *Albion*.

Mr. Disraeli alluded to the mournful obituary annals of the present Parliament. "When we remember how many of our most eminent and valuable public men we have lost," he said, "I cannot refer to the history of any Parliament which will bear to posterity so fatal a record." This is certainly true. In 1859, after the new Parliament met, we lost the great engineer, Robert Stephenson. The year 1860 was saddened by the loss of Lord Macaulay; the Earl of Aberdeen, K.G., the late Prime Minister; the Marquis of Dalhousie, one of the ablest Governors-General that India ever had; Admiral Sir C. Napier; the learned and most Reverend Dr. Musgrove, Archbishop of York; the veteran diplomatist Lord Heytesbury; the pious and charitable Duke of Norfolk; the gallant Field-Marshal Earl of Strafford; Lord Elphinstone, late Governor of Bombay; the Right Hon. M. T. Baines, M. P. for Leeds, late President of the Poor Law Board; the somewhat eccentric but intellectual and accomplished Henry Drummond, M. P. for West Surrey; Mr. Wilson, Finance Minister of India; Mr. H. Ingram, M.P. for Boston; Mr. Joseph Locke, M. P., the civil engineer, &c. Death was more than usually busy in 1860 in the ranks of politicians.

In 1861, the Queen and the nation suffered a sudden and terrible blow in the death of the Prince Consort, nor have we yet fully appreciated the magnitude of the loss we sustained. In the same year Lord Chancellor Campbell passed suddenly away in the morning, after attending a Cabinet Council the previous day, and entertaining a party at dinner at night. In Lord Herbert we lost one whom Nature had intended for a Prime Minister; and in Sir James Graham, one who stood in the first rank of our politicians and orators. That year was also fatal to the Duke of Bedford (brother to Earl Russell); the Duke of Sutherland; Lord Abinger; the Duke of Buckingham; the Right Rev. Dr. Villiers, Bishop of Durham; Earl of Fortescue; the popular Earl of Eglinton, ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Major Sibthorp, M.P. for Lincoln; Mr. Tom Duncombe, M.P. for Finsbury; Mr. J. H. Foley, M.P. for East Worcestershire; Dr. Noble, M.P. for Leicester; Mr. G. G. Harcourt, M.P. for Oxfordshire; Lord Braybrooke, &c.

In 1862, Sir Charles Burrell, father of the House of Commons began the list of conspicuous deaths, which was by comparison unusually scanty. Lord Canning fell a victim to the Indian climate shortly after his return to England; the Most Rev. Dr. Bird Sumner, the good Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord J. G. Beresford, the princely and apostolic Primate of Ireland, was gathered to their rest that year. The benevolent Mr. Slaney, M. P. for Shrewsbury, met his death by an accident at the opening of the Great Exhibition. Mr. J. L. Ricardo, M.P. for Stoke, Mr. Deedes, M.P. for East Kent, Mr. Cayley, M.P. for the North Riding, Mr. H. B. Coles, M.P., Mr. J. Boyd, M.P., Colonel Wynne, M.P., Mr. Wilcox, M.P., the Earl of Gifford, M.P., and the Earl of Yarborough, were among the losses of 1862.

In 1863, the Marquis of Lansdowne, one of the rapidly lessening links which connected the statesmanship of the last century with that of the present, was taken from the House of Lords. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the Minister of War, died suddenly at his family seat in Herefordshire, and the House transacted no public business on the day the sad news arrived. Lord Clyde, whose military achievements spanned half a century, and whose last services shed a new lustre over her Majesty's arms and consolidated her Indian empire, slept in peace by the side of Lord Canning and Sir James Outram in Westminster Abbey. The ex-Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst died in his 92nd year. The Earl of Elgin, Governor-General of India, fell at his post, as a soldier falls in the trenches or on a field of battle. The once liberal Marquis of Normanby died, and Lord Seaton and Lord Hatherton also passed away to the regret of the elder generation that knew them. Lord Sinclair, aged 95, father of the House of Peers, the Earl of Claremont, Earl Beauchamp; the ancient Whig Nestor, Mr. Edward Ellice, M. P., Mr. Western Wood, M. P., Mr. Ald. Cubitt, M. P., the Marquis of Townshend, Lord Sandys (better known to the House of Commons as Lord Marcus Hill), and Mr. H. T. Hope were carried away. Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was also among the not least distinguished dead of a year saddened and rendered memorable by the loss of so many eminent statesmen, soldiers, and divines.

In 1864, the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for the Colonies, followed his friend Lord Herbert to a premature tomb. The Earl of Carlisle, late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a worthy representative of the highest type of English aristocracy; Sir W. Atherton, M.P., late Attorney-General; Mr. Richard Spooner, who earned so much celebrity by his attacks on the endowment of Maynooth, and whose fair fame has since been clouded by the failure of the bank at Birmingham; Mr. W. J. Fox, one of Mr. Cobden's most eloquent colleagues in the agitation for Free Trade; Mr. Puller and Mr. Ker Seymer, two valuable and respected members, who were lost to the House in 1864; Lord Ashburton, Lord Aberdeen, and the Earl of Cadogan fell before the sickle of the great reaper last year.

The Easter of 1865 has not yet arrived, but we have already lost Field-Marshal Lord Combermere; Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, Lord Great Chamberlain; the princely and benevolent Duke of Northumberland; the Earl of Bradford; Mr. Gregson, Chairman of Committees on Public Petitions; Sir Henry Willoughby, one of the few amateur financiers of the House, &c.; and, lastly, Mr. Cobden.

The "dance of death" has thus been unusually active in the British Senate during the present Parliament. Yet it would not be easy to point out the name of a single statesman in the fatal roll who has conferred such solid and enduring benefits upon his country, or who has set an example of more singular modesty and disinterestedness, than the great man whose remains have been committed to the grave in a quiet rural churchyard in Sussex.

How "THE QUARTERLY" ORIGINATED.—Not many of our readers (says the *Guardian*) probably, are aware that the first cricket-match, Eton v. Harrow, was played in 1805, and that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was one of the Eton eleven. Still less generally known, we suppose, is it that the same nobleman, while an Eton boy, edited a magazine entitled the *Miniature*, the successor of the *Microcosm*, which had been edited by his cousin George Canning. It did not sell, but it had some results; for John Murray bought up the remainder, and thereby became introduced to the Cannings, and out of this semi-literary and semi-political connection arose in time the *Quarterly Review*.

AGREEMENT BETWEEN GENERALS SHERMAN AND JOHNSTON.—*First.* The contending armies now in the field to maintain their *status quo* until notice is given by the Commanding-General of either one to its opponent, and reasonable time, say forty-eight hours, allowed.—*Second.* The confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to their several state capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the state arsenal, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from acts of war and abide the action of both state and federal authorities. The number of arms and munitions of war to be reported to the chief of ordnance at Washington city, subject to future action of the Congress of the U. S., and in the meantime to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the states respectively.—*Third.* The recognition by the executive of the U. S. of the several state governments on their officers and legislatures taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the U. S., and where conflicting state governments have resulted from the war, the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the U. S.—*Fourth.* The re-establishment of all federal courts in the several states with powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.—*Fifth.* The people and inhabitants of all states to be guaranteed, so far as the executive can, their political rights and franchise, as well as their rights of persons and property, as defined by the Constitution of the U. S. and of states respectively.—*Sixth.* The executive authority of the government of the U. S. not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war so long as they live in peace and quiet, abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey laws in existence at any place of their residence.—*Seventh.* In general terms war to cease, a general amnesty, so far as the executive power of the U. S. can command, on condition of disbandment of the Confederate armies, and the distribution of arms and resumption of peaceful pursuits by officers and men as hitherto composing the said armies. Not being fully empowered by our respective principles to fulfill these terms we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain necessary authority and to carry out the above programme.

THE ALBION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1865.

The World in Europe.

The week that closed on the 16th inst.—date of the last advices from Queenstown—was not prolific of events likely to interest our readers. The Parliamentary recess for the Easter holydays deprives the journals of a fruitful theme; and indeed the approaching dissolution of the House of Commons itself has latterly given a dull tone to its debates and an unwonted caution to its proceedings, while the chances of the coming appeal to the country are discussed with lively concern. The vacancy at Rochdale, caused by the death of Mr. Cobden, has nevertheless given rise to considerable ferment in that city. His place is to be filled; and although the occupant can in the first instance hold the seat but for a brief period, it is thought perhaps that the result of a contest now may save to the successful candidate much expense and turmoil in the Autumn. The fight is between Mr. Potter, a Radical, and Mr. Brett, a Liberal; and the redoubtable John Bright has come forward as a champion of the more ardent reformer. As usual with himself, and the visionary mouthers of his class, he affects to believe that an enlargement of the constituency is the surest step toward the eradication of abuses. But this ground we have often gone over heretofore, and therefore leave it. No fresh facts or arguments are needed to show that John Bright is one of the loudest talkers and the least effective agents, among those who call themselves the party of "progress."—The strife between the iron-masters and the labourers is not yet brought to a definite end; but the end seems to be near, since reason, not violence, is invoked.—The little check sustained in Bhootan, on the South Eastern frontier of our East Indian domain, by a handful of inefficient native troops, has been avenged. The particulars, as condensed into a telegram, may be found among our military items.—Intelligence of the fall of Richmond had been received in England, prior to the sailing of the steamer thence of latest date; but its effects had not yet been generally shown. As we have already remarked, the holders of cotton and of Confederate bonds must be heavy losers; but the stories of "intense excitement" throughout Europe, which are current in the journals here, are ludicrously inexact. The well-informed anticipated this event.

The accounts from St. Petersburg, as to the fearful epidemic that has been prevalent there, are, we rejoice to say, more favourable. Some few gleanings on the subject are thrown together in another column.—In France, the Government supporters in the Chamber have voted down all opposition on the Address, by the immense preponderance of 225 votes against 16. Still, there is an uneasy sensation abroad. Paris yields to "an enlightened despotism," but is not willing to submit to an imputation that its reason approves thereof. The opinion gains ground that the Emperor has seriously injured himself by his foolish attempt at establishing a Cæsarean precedent. The position also of the Imperial troops in Mexico, unable to remain with advantage or to retire with credit, gives rise to unpleasant remarks, in and out of the Legislative halls. Nor is the Italian question without its embarrassments, which Mr. Thiers, by the way, has not contributed to smooth away by a recent manifestation of candour. He has acknowledged that France does not and cannot desire the consolidation and unity of the Italian Kingdom, since it may prove inimical to French interests. How simply is revealed herein Louis Napoleon's selfish and double dealing policy, of which we have often spoken in terms that have drawn down upon ourselves the charge of prejudice and illiberality.—Grave disorders are reported at Madrid and in other parts of Spain, necessitating military suppression. Their origin and extent are not made known.

The War.

We had hoped by this time to have dropped the above wearisome heading; but the course of events is still strange, and the latest incident of importance is among the very strangest that have happened. We allude to the terms agreed upon, in North Carolina, on the 18th inst., between General Sherman, U. S., and General Johnston, C. S., by which the latter's army, together with the Confederate armies generally, was to be disbanded, and "in general terms war to cease." It was supposed, and not without reason, that, in according such conditions as Grant accorded to Lee, the Union commander would have gone to the full extent of his will, to say nothing of his power. The public surprise may therefore be imagined, when it came to be known that Sherman had usurped the political functions of a peace-maker, and had undertaken to settle not a few of those difficult and delicate points, which might have taxed the responsibility of a President or the sagacity of a Congress. This agreement indeed is so unique, that we make room for it elsewhere, though averse to filling our columns with documents pertaining to the war. That the President and the Cabinet should forthwith repudiate it could scarcely be doubted by any living soul, save Sherman himself; and one would have thought that a peremptory refusal to ratify it would have sufficed. As it was, pains were taken to assign reasons clause by clause for rejection, as though, with each argument adduced, popular indignation against Sherman might be augmented. This suspicion is at least warranted by subsequent proceedings. General Sherman has neither been arrested, nor suspended from his command; yet Mr. Stanton has not hesitated to telegraph, and make gratuitously public the announcement, that certain officers are not to obey his orders! Such a mode of reproving may have been suitable to the bearing of Frederick the Great and to the age in which he lived, but cannot be tolerated in these days. We look, therefore, from hour to hour for news of Sherman's resignation. General Grant left Washington, immediately after assisting at the Cabinet Council before which this singular affair was mooted. The truce has been hastily broken off. General orders have been issued for the Northern armies to press vigorously on the Southern; and if these latter do not make a virtue of necessity and accept the best terms they can now obtain—why, the Lord have mercy on their souls! Such is the indignation aroused by the murder of the President, and by Sherman's fantastic conduct, that few prisoners will be taken in the event of another engagement. On the other hand, it is possible that Mr. Stanton may overshoot his mark, in thus triumphing over a possible rival to himself in political life. Though all sorts of whispers are abroad as to Sherman being secretly a friend of the South and so forth, the public will not easily forget that he has for many months past been their military idol, and they will not thank Mr. Stanton for lowering him from the pedestal on which they had raised him. Moreover the unseemly uses to which Mr. Stanton prostitutes his ability to speak to all the country at once, with the voice of authority, begins to create dissatisfaction in reflecting minds. We only speak of it, because internationally concerned. A more outrageous telegram was probably never sprung upon a community, than a recent one from the War Department in connection with the murder of the President. It may be venal in a stump orator to descend to such trickery; but it is scandalous in a high-placed official. Suddenly, the other day, Mr. Stanton let loose upon the public an intimation that "the crime was approved in Richmond and concocted in Canada." Mr. Stanton has two hobbies—utter ruin for the South, and a foreign war for his own coun-

try's weal. How the two may be reconciled is his affair, not ours; but we complain of the insult to Canadians generally implied in the words that we cite. Scoundrels in Richmond or in the Provinces may be mixed up with this fiendish assassination; but the use, we say, of the term implicating the Colony at large, is an offence against all propriety.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is believed to have prompted General Johnston in the late negotiations, and is said to have subsequently passed through Goldsboro', N. C., on his way South, escorted by a few picked troops of cavalry, and having with him many waggon-loads of specie borrowed, after a fashion, from the Richmond banks. Whether this money be carried off, in the hope of protracting the war in Texas, we cannot pretend to determine. The term "robbery" is freely applied to the transaction. We cannot sift its merits.

Mobile has actually been taken by the Federals, without much bloodshed, though they lost several gun-boats by torpedoes and otherwise amid the artfully constructed defences of the city.—Surrenders of sundry C. S. officers in various directions are announced, some with certainty, others as pending. Mosby's men, it seems, have thrown down their arms in Virginia; but he himself holds yet aloof.—General Buford, C. S., is reported to have burnt up ninety-five thousand bales of cotton, at Montgomery, Ala., previously to evacuating the place. These acts of wanton cruelty to their own people have been lamentably common with the hotheads of the South.

The murder of the late President Lincoln, and the repeated and emphatic exhortations to vengeance on the part of President Johnson, have had their natural effect in stimulating the outcry against "rebels." There are even to be found writers so abandoned and bloodthirsty, as to advocate the application of the penalties of treason to the paroled and captured officers of the late Confederate armies. By some hocus pocus, certain among these are to be handed over by the U. S. Government, which is bound to protect them, to the State Governments which are sworn to prosecute them. Is the North bent upon choking off the sympathies of the civilized world, which it has so many times affected to covet? We cannot say; and we endeavour to shut our eyes to much that goes on around us. Yet it is impossible not to perceive that here, over the grave of Mr. Lincoln himself, all his justice, magnanimity, and generosity are ostentatiously blown to the winds. President Johnson's latest speech was made to a delegation from Indiana, and one cannot read in it, without awe, his fierce and vindictive aspirations for bloodshed. The war itself, reconstruction, finances, foreign policy, the thousand responsibilities of his office, seem to have no weight. His speeches are one long-continued cry for revenge. By the side of them the Attorney-General's announced intention to unsettle refugee "rebel" officers, and hunt them out of their domiciles, appears a trivial affair.

We are glad to find that the Grand Jury of Toronto has found true bills against several prominent secessionists, for violation of the Neutrality Laws. These fellows have done great injury to the Province, by fomenting ill-will between neighbours who ought to dwell in peace.

P. S.—It was officially announced, yesterday afternoon, that Johnston has surrendered to General Sherman, on the terms that Lee received from Grant.

The Obsequies of Mr. Lincoln.

The ghost of the murdered President might almost be appeased by the late display of funereal pomp and manifestation of popular grief, for never surely, in this land at least, has there been so much outward and visible sign of a sorrow universal and genuine. On Wednesday the 19th inst., the embalmed body of the late Chief Magistrate was borne in state from the official residence at Washington and deposited beneath the dome of the Capitol. The procession was of enormous length, comprising all that was notable in military, official, and diplomatic life. During that day and the next, countless thousands gratified their curiosity or discharged what they felt to be a pious duty, by bestowing such moment's glance as could alone be permitted upon the face of the honoured dead. So at Baltimore, at Harrisburg, and at Philadelphia, to each of which places the remains were transported with ever the same show of external pageantry and inward mourning. Finally, on Monday morning last—for we omit the world of detail, which has been admirably rendered by the local daily press throughout—the cortège in charge of the corpse reached this city, where magnificent preparations had been made for the solemn occasion. Here too, at the City Hall, was it laid in state, and here too an innumerable multitude thronged to pass before it and throw upon it a hasty look. Through the afternoon of that day, all through the night, and again on the morning of Tuesday, thousands continued to press upon thousands in their eagerness to gaze upon him who had been Chief among them. At length, an hour after mid-day, the authorities civil and military and naval, the Foreign Consuls, and the citizens in all varieties of collective form, united in what seemed an endless procession, for it occupied four hours in passing any one point, and so set forward the remains to their next temporary resting place at Albany. The coffin, exposed to view, was carried upon a splendid car drawn by sixteen white horses, each led by a negro groom. We pick out this incident from a mass of matter passed by, because it supplies a curious instance of the working of public sentiment. The incorporated governors of New York had peremptorily refused to admit people of colour into the column, save the limited number specified above. But in the end, under a sort of moral compulsion, aided by strong hints from the War Department at Washington to the effect that coloured troops would be introduced, if coloured delegates from Benevolent Societies were excluded, the wise men of the Corporation gave way; and at the very tail of the train might be seen a small number of our obnoxious brethren, said to be carefully tended by the police lest they should be assailed by their Hibernian enemies.

A trite expression is scarcely hyperbolical in this case. The city was really draped in mourning; and no careful observer could walk the streets, without noting evidence on every side that the general sadness was deep and unaffected. Order and good temper are the usual attributes of American crowds. On Tuesday, there were added to these a quiet and a decorum that were significant. The out-pouring of the populace was vast and altogether incalculable.—The emblems of grief yet decorate public buildings and private dwellings; but the business of the city, interrupted more or less for ten days, may be said to have been resumed on Wednesday.

We had almost forgotten to record that the great and impressive ceremonial of the day could not, of course, be concluded, without the usual oratorical fireworks. At the close of the remarkable and suggestive scene, the Hon. George Bancroft delivered an oration from a platform in Union Square. The nominal topic was the deceased Mr. Lincoln; but the politics of the hour and things in general were largely introduced. Prayer and poems ensued; but, for once, there were evident signs of languor, and the audience was but a slim one.

Mr. Secretary Seward and His Son.

It gives us sincere pleasure to read from day to day of improvement in the health of the Secretary of State. He has taken carriage exercise, and is able partially to resume the avocations of his office.—Mr. Frederick Seward is also reported to be slowly recovering. May both father and son be completely restored!

Death of Booth, the Assassin.

Tracked by persevering detectives across the Potomac and the Rappahannock to a retired neighbourhood within twenty-five miles of Fredericksburg, Virginia, the murderer of Mr. Lincoln has met his fate—not on the gallows according to his deserts, but shot down in resisting arrest. He lingered three hours, scarcely conscious. An accomplice was taken with him; one far less daring and defiant than young Booth.

We cannot but be glad that the country is thus spared a large amount of un-wholesome excitement, which would have attended the trial and execution of the assassin. It is believed that the man, who committed the murderous havoc in Mr. Seward's family, has been for a week in custody at Washington.

Drama.

No words, surely, were ever uttered, that are more suggestive, in their deep significance, than those in which the sacred writer sums up our human experience of death and sorrow. "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." That little sentence leaves nothing to be said. It tells the whole story. It is the amplest comment upon the tragical farce, through which we sweep into darkness. It is the lesson of recent events. The dead President is speeding to his grave, in far-off Illinois. The hand that smote him is already cold. The dreary symbols of woe begin to disappear. The cloud of grief has lifted, and common life lies once more open to the sun. "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

Our theatres were reopened on the evening of Wednesday, the 26th inst., and all of them, I believe, were well attended. The players took up their work, where it had been discontinued, and carried out, in all cases, the programme that was assigned for the 17th of April. The chief events of the evening were the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Kean, at the Broadway Theatre, and the representation of the "Sleeping Beauty," at the Olympic. The latter may properly be reserved for future comment. It is fit that the first place be given to those who come to us from afar, and in the fullness of their talent and their fame, to say Farewell!

The welcome extended to Mr. and Mrs. Kean, on Wednesday evening, was extremely cordial and enthusiastic. The applause that greeted the former, on his first entrance, in the garb of *Cardinal Wolsey*, was tumultuous and long-continued; and when, at the end of the play, he led forward the latter, in compliance with the call of the house, a hearty cheer testified the delight of their audience. It will thus be seen that the occasion was a very pleasant one. The plays presented were "King Henry the Eighth" and "The Jealous Wife." The present writer contented himself with seeing the Shaksperian drama, not caring, after that, to listen to the silver bells of comedy. To mix pleasure is generally to mar it. "Henry the Eighth" is a play that fills the mind, without need of auxiliary. It was not well put upon the stage, the scenic capacities of the Broadway theatre being limited. Neither were its subsidiary parts—excepting *Cromwell*, *Cardinal Campeius*, *Lady Denny*, and the *Lord Chamberlain*—performed with much intelligence. But its chief characters were personated with genuine ability. That of Wolsey was a master-piece of art. In the pages of Shakspeare, as in those of history, the great Cardinal stands out in bold and brilliant relief against the dark background of a turbulent age. He was the perfect embodiment of the intellect, the ambition, the dignity, the wily diplomacy, the sacerdotal pomp of the Roman Catholic Church. The genius of Shakspeare, recognizing this stately historic form, has made it as familiar to our imaginations as it was to his own. Great, with the towering audacity of his intellect, his ambition, his lofty passions, and his deep experience, and pompous, with all the grandeur of his Church, this lordly prelate moves through the scenes of "Henry the Eighth"—as truly a power, as splendid a presence, as he was in the court of that bad monarch, and in the political drama of that rough historic period. Mr. Kean's conception of the character is delightful, at all points. In costume, appearance, and manners, and in a certain indescribable atmosphere of dignity, amounting even to spiritual refinement, he fills the ideal of the poet. So thorough was his assumption of the episcopal functions that, at times, when he alone occupied the stage, the theatre seemed suddenly to become a cathedral, and the player a veritable priest, in the performance of his sacred duties. The thoughtful, massive brow, the dark bright eyes, the iron-gray hair, crowned with the red cap, the imposing figure, in its robes of scarlet and lace—all constituted a most impressive picture. That which mars Mr. Kean's acting is his habit of rapid utterance, and a nasal peculiarity in his speech. During the first two acts of the drama, (which is performed in three), these defects were somewhat prominent—the part not herein warranting any considerable force or variety of action. But, in the third act, which involves the downfall of the Cardinal, Mr. Kean rose to the level of the great catastrophe, and became majestic in his power and pathos. Moreover, his deliberation and intensity, here, explained his earlier apparent apathy. This change from priestly decorum to human nature, this sudden and startling revelation of the conflict of vast emotions, is true to Shakspeare, to life, and to art, and evinces the feeling and skill of a true artist. Throughout the whole of the third act, whether in soliloquy, in converse with the king, in combatting the scornful nobles, or in manly and ineffably touching resignation to his ruin, Mr. Kean's Cardinal is true and is great. The special beauties of this part of his performance are—first, his proud, intellectual abstraction; then his sudden transition to obsequious deference, in the presence of the king; then his natural and peculiarly artistic management of the documents that have wrought his ruin; and finally, his burst of sorrow, when his heart is touched by the affectionate devotion of *Cromwell*. His mastery of the text—always perfect—is especially admirable, in several of the great passages, so familiar to students of this drama. His delivery of the famous lines, in which the fall of that "poor man who leans on princes' favours" is likened to the fall of Lucifer, is memorable for its poetic eloquence. Stretching his arms upward and forward, and seeming to expand with the awful idea of the Archangel's defeat, for one brief moment he embodied the thought, while speaking it, and then collapsed with the desolate cadence of the verse—"never to rise again." His final exit was the mute expression of a broken spirit.

Is it mere enthusiasm, to say that Mr. Kean's personation of Cardinal Wolsey is a great artistic success? I think not. It is a favourite expedient with me, in endeavouring to estimate the value of contemporary art, to fancy myself looking back upon it, across an interval of twenty or thirty years, and recollecting whatever, in its various phases, was true and good, and worthy of being remembered. Thus regarded, it loses the ephemeral quality of the passing hour, and attracts the mind by only its strong and permanent features of excellence. This mood of criticism is easily assumed, and is at once judicious and pleasant. It impels one to pass over trifles, and to think only of what is important and impressive. It is as when, in middle age, the care-worn man forgets gray hairs, and wrinkles, and the tracks of the hateful crow, to think of his childhood's home, his mother, who sleeps the long sleep, his first love, the early triumph of his now sobered ambition, and such other great and beautiful facts of his life, as dwell forever in the holy starlight of memory. It is the mood of gentleness as well as justice; and in it I shall always hold and prize the remembrance of Charles Kean's Cardinal Wolsey.

Little space is left, in which to review Mrs. Kean's *Queen Catherine*, Mr. Jamison's *King Henry*, and Mr. Cathcart's *Cromwell*. It must suffice, for the present, to record them as good performances.

"Louis XI." has been once presented at the Broadway, and will be played again to-night. The drama is feeble, though the character of Louis—as known to readers of "Quentin Durward," not to say of French history—is complex and striking, and full of opportunities for the dramatic artist. It is one of Mr. Kean's best parts. His performance of it, however, must be reserved for another article. Mrs. Kean's part in this play is insignificant; but her assumption of it is a lesson to less eminent players. To be faithful in little things, as well as in great ones, is the nature and the honour of the true artist.

MERCUTIO.

Facts and Fancies.

Dr. James Pech, who is a Musical Doctor of Oxford University, has recently delivered at Montreal—of which city he is a resident—a most interesting and instructive Lecture on "Music and the People." It is refreshing to find, in this topic, a variation from the wearisome routine of war reports and politics. Mr. D'Arcy McGee, one of the Ministers of the Crown, presided on the occasion.———The Prince of Wales is to be President of the Royal Commission in England to promote the Universal Exhibition at Paris.———On the 2nd inst., the first public meeting for the abolition of slavery in the Spanish colonies, which has ever been held in Spain, assembled in the Academy of Jurisprudence at Madrid.——— Mr. William Hunter, who is now the Acting Secretary of State at Washington, has for many years been Chief Clerk in the State Department.———Paris letters report that a pamphlet entitled *History of Napoleon III. by Julius Cæsar*, is in circulation secretly, and that it is excessively clever and biting. The Emperor's *History of Cæsar* is this year to be given as a prize, in the colleges maintained by the Government.———A Scotch paper announces the formation of a new "People's Art Association" in Edinburgh, and names the prices paid for two of the most interesting pictures contributed to the Royal Academy exhibition of the present season. Mr. Phillip, R.A., receives from Mr. Flatou, the picture dealer, four thousand guineas for his "Murillo Selling his Pictures in the Market-place of Seville," and Mr. Thomas Faed two thousand guineas for his principal contribution to the same exhibition.———The C. S. steamer *Tallahassee* is at Liverpool, and about to become a peaceful merchantman.——— A wit at the N. Y. Club said a good thing on Tuesday, while the Irish division of the great cavalcade was defiling past the windows. "There's no Petroleum here," remarked a bystander. "No," was the reply; "but they seem to have struck Emerald *tile*!"———A Paris correspondent says that, in obedience to the new orders from the Emperor, the Marquis de Lavalette, Minister of the Interior, intends to treat the press "with all the rigour that is possible under an enlightened despotism."———Mr. Church, the famous land-

scape painter, who has recently lost both his young children, has gone with his wife to Jamaica, with intent to pass the summer in the Blue Mountains. Nowise doubting that he will use his professional opportunity to advantage, we hope the time is not distant when Mr. Church will admit the fact, that the chief elements of beauty in landscape are not to be found in the Tropics.———The Duc de Morny's racing stud has been sold by auction at Chantilly, and brought fair prices. ———A Canada paper says: "The rumour is revived that Capt. Sherard Osborne, late H. M. S. *Royal Sovereign*, will be in Canada in a few weeks, to arrange a system of lake defence." Has not the Captain just gone to Bombay, to take the management of some new railroad enterprize?——— A lad of sixteen, named Ricard, has been admitted to the Bar at Montpellier, France. He owes this rare distinction to his rare and precocious acquirements.———The Chamber of Commerce of this city has passed Resolutions of regret and condolence, on the death of Richard Cobden. Americans are disposed to testify their admiration of the deceased in every way—except by adopting his policy.———There has been a duel at Antwerp between General Chazal, Minister of War, and a Member of the Chamber. It grew out of political remarks in debate. The General was very slightly wounded. ———Before the death of Mr. Lincoln, Governor Fenton, of this State, appointed Good Friday as a day of National Thanksgiving. With equal propriety, the President has now appointed Ascension Day as a day of National Humiliation. ———The Arctic Exploration schemes have been again discussed, at great length, by the Royal Geographical Society, but without result.———In the month of March 1,200,000 cents were coined at the Washington mint, but we believe they have not yet been issued.———The Secretary of State of Illinois announces that a plot of ground, six acres in extent, situated in the heart of the city of Springfield, has been selected for the burial place of the late President.———The Legislature of Massachusetts is taking action against all places of amusement that exclude persons on account of colour.———It was announced in London papers that Mr. F. Robson, son of the late eminent and much lamented comedian, would appear at the St. James's Theatre, on Easter Monday, April 17th.——— Mr. Charles Dickens will preside at the annual dinner of the Newsvenders' Benevolent and Provident Institution, on Tuesday the 9th of May. This is one of the few Societies that invite ladies to the dinner-table.———Mr. H. G. Ollendorf, the author of many well-known grammars of modern languages, has just died in Paris.———It is stated, by one of the most trustworthy of London papers, that great numbers of Americans, exiled by the civil war, occupy much of their time in searching out their genealogies, in the Record office, the British Museum, and the various heraldic offices.——— Miss Bateman commences a new engagement, of eight weeks, at the London Adelphi, on the 8th of May.———It is stated that Mr. John Stuart Mill has directed the American publisher of his works to give any profits coming to him, to such deserving charities, in the United States as, in his opinion, may be worthy of the donation.——— The reward of £300, offered for the capture of Franz Muller, long in dispute by different claimants, has been awarded to Matthews, the cabman, who thus overcomes Death—the jeweller.———The British Government has at length sanctioned a search for coal and iron in the New Forest, and scientific men are now prospecting over the new domain.———The Viceroy of Egypt is expected to be at Constantinople in May, to be present at the marriage of his son with the Sultan's niece.——— Shocks of earthquake have lately been felt at Corfu. It is stated that a mountain near Arta has thrown out smoke and flame, and that a village in the neighbourhood has been destroyed, with two or three hundred of its inhabitants.——— Lord Hertford is said to have spent upwards of £25,000, at the Pourtales sale. He purchased the Greuze, for £4,050—at least four times its artistic value.———The notorious Miss Longworth is reported to be dangerously ill, at Edinburgh.——— The gentlemen comprising the Charterhouse Committee, appointed to decide upon a memorial to Thackeray and Leech, have agreed to place in the cloisters, near the chapel door, two simple marble monuments with plain inscriptions, and to invest the remainder of the sum subscribed, about £200, in such a way as to produce two annual prizes, one for drawing and the other for modern literature, to be given away, in Charterhouse School, by public competition.——— The late President Lincoln was fifty-six years of age, in February last. Mr. Seward is sixty-three years old.———The statement that the late President Lincoln wrote a piece of verse (and very bad verse it is), beginning, "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud," is once more going the round of the press, although the late President formally disclaimed its authorship, many months ago.———The Boston *Gazette* announces that "no statesman will attempt to advocate any measures which are not in accordance with the popular will, which in this country is pretty sure hereafter to be correct upon the proper policy to be pursued in our national affairs." An observer would imagine that the statesman would be obliged to govern himself according to the Constitution of the U. S. rather than the vacillating tenets of popular opinion. If there be no fixed law, there certainly can be no tranquillity or national growth.———The C. S. steamer *Shenandoah* was still reported at Melbourne, on the 23rd of February. Several squabbles are mentioned in connexion with the Captain's claims, and the Government's determination not to violate the duties of neutrality.———According to statistics, furnished by the Trieste *Gazette*, ten thousand Circassian children, of Christian parents, are annually exported from Turkey to Egypt, and sold there, with the full knowledge of the Turkish Government.———A "Soldier's Identifier" has been invented. It is a medal, to be worn by soldiers going into battle, and having inscribed upon it the wearer's name, regiment, corps, and name and address of parents or friend.———A relic of Beethoven—a musical note-book—has been discovered and published at Leipsic. It appears to have been written by the great composer, between October 1801 and May 1802.——— Mrs. Clive bore the following testimony to Garrick's power as an actor: "I believe that man will be my death. I wish I could be where I might never see him again. He talks with every feature and pants with every limb: when he represents anger, I fear; grief, I pity; and love, I sympathize with him. I am sure he could represent a gridiron, if necessary."——— An extensive and very rich vein of nickel ore has been discovered on the property of the Duke of Argyll, near Inverary.———Mr. *Punch* thinks it is unfair to sneer at the City tradesmen for being above their business, when so few of them live over their shops!———A new book, by Mr. Ruskin, is to be published in London, entitled "Kings' Treasuries and Queens' Gardens."———The seceders from the Garrick Club will constitute a new club, under the name of the Palladium.———A press correspondent writes from Seville as follows: "We visited the Royal Cigar Manufactory; there were 5,000 women working in the manufactory and 5,000 crinolines hung up; also were scattered about 2,540 babies."———The collection from Rome at the Dublin International Exhibition will be very rich. A steamer, freighted with more than 100 works in sculpture and other articles, was to leave Civita Vecchia, direct for Kingstown, on the 1st of April.———The death of the Earl of Desart, though long expected, has thrown a gloom over society, especially in his own county of Kilkenny, where he was universally popular. During the first Derby administration, in 1852, Lord Desart was Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and a very able and industrious member of the Government. He was in early life a lover of field sports, and few men could beat him across country. He was also a practical yachtsman, and a first-rate navigator. A representative peerage becomes vacant by his death; it is believed that Viscount Gort will be the successful candidate.——— An amusing incident is recorded of a Dublin musician, who, at a large concert, when presented with a silver-tipped conducting-stick, believed in his heart, and in the overflow of spirit that had happened, that it was a shillelagh, and so delivered it on the head of the "hownered gist of the evening." ———Miss Hosmer and Mr. Randolph Rogers have sent works to the Dublin Exhibition.———*Punch's* cartoon of the 8th inst. is good. It represents Justice holding her scales poised, while Capital, in the shape of an aldermanic personage, is casting into them a bag of gold, and Labour, in the form of a burly Mechanic, flings in his hammer. The title is "Arbitration better than Emigration; Plutus and Vulcan Accept the Decision of Justice."———Donato the one-legged, who left the London pantomime in the zenith of his fame, consequent upon a disease of the chest, has sprung up at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris.———It was incorrectly stated that the National Gallery would be the recipient of the head of the Guistiniani Apollo, purchased from the Pourtalès collection. It has been sent to the British Museum.——— The young members of our royal family appear to have inherited a musical taste. At the last Philharmonic Society's Concert, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Princess Helena were present.———Several great historical personages have suddenly appeared in the mimic life of the European stages. At Geneva a play has been produced, in which Calvin figures. At Vienna, another drama has been acted, in which Pitt, Fox, and George III. are characters. At Turin a new play introduces Struensee, the unhappy lover of the beautiful young Queen of Denmark, the sister of George III., with whose sad story the student of history is familiar.———The Queen's birthday will this year be kept on the 24th of May, the correct date of her Majesty's birth. ———The report seems to gain ground that Louis Napoleon intends to pay a visit to Algeria, mainly for the benefit of his health.———Adaptations from the French being the rule on the English stage, it is no wonder that a portion of the public regard "Julius Cæsar," announced at Drury-Lane, as an adaptation of the Emperor's book.——— It now appears that Jules Gérard was not drowned, as reported, but was assassinated by his guide and attendant natives. Prince Holim, eldest son of Mehemed Pasha, has sent 10,000 francs to Gérard's mother. The Prince is himself a lion-tamer, and was Gérard's pupil.———The Prince of Wales has lately been a frequent visitor at the House of Commons, sitting in the Peers' Gallery.———Mr. Garrison, the well-known Abolitionist, proposes to suspend the publication of his paper, the *Liberator*, at the end of the present year. This individual advocated treason, dissolution of the Union, etc., for many years; yet it does not appear that his "loyalty" has ever been called in question.———A book has been published in London—the work of Mr. W. Chadwick, undertaking to prove that King John was a noble and virtuous and exemplary individual, and that Prince Arthur fully deserved the doom that overtook him. Will somebody please to whitewash the memory of Jonathan Wild and Dick Turpin? The list of memorable villains is rapidly diminishing.

Obituary.

Dr. Valentine Mott.—The first surgeon of America is dead. Valentine Mott died on Wednesday, at his residence in Gramercy Park, in the 80th year of his age. To his immense fame he leaves no heir on this continent—scarcely a rival even in Europe. Born at Glen Cove, L. I., August 20, 1785, he graduated M. D. at Columbia College in 1806, then studied two years in London under Abernethy, Astley Cooper, and Cline. He went thence to Edinburgh, where he spent a year. From 1809 to 1813 he was Professor of Surgery in Columbia College, and thereafter till 1826, held the same chair in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. With an interval of four years service in the short-lived Rutgers Medical College, he returned to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, passing thence to the University Medical College, of which he was a founder, as Professor of Surgery and Relative Anatomy. Of the latter science, immeasurably important to surgery, he is declared the author. But his brilliant reputation, says a high authority, "is mainly due to his original operations as a surgeon. As early as 1818 Dr. Mott placed a ligature around the bracheocephalic trunk, or arteria innominata, only two inches from the heart, for aneurism of the right subclavian artery, for the first time in the history of surgery. The patient survived the operation 26 days, indicating the feasibility of so dangerous an undertaking. He exsected the entire right clavicle for malignant disease of that bone, where it was necessary to apply 40 ligatures; an operation which Dr. Mott himself asserts to be the most dangerous and difficult that can be performed upon the human body. . . The patient is still living, and enjoys perfect health. Dr. Mott was the first to tie the primitive iliac artery for aneurism. He has tied the common carotid 46 times, cut for stone 165 times, and amputated nearly 1,000 limbs. He early introduced his original operation for immobility of the lower jaw, and succeeded after many eminent surgeons had failed. In 1821 he performed the first operation for osteo-sarcoma of the lower jaw. He was the first surgeon who removed the lower jaw for necrosis."—Of Dr. Mott the great Sir Astley Cooper said: "He has performed more of the great operations than any man living, or that ever did live." He translated and published in four volumes 8vo. Velpeau's Operative Surgery, then and now a leading work, and numerous papers and reports of his have been printed both in America and Europe.

Madame Pasta.—This once famous singer died recently at her residence on the Lake of Como, at the age of 67, having been born in 1798. Her principal successes were obtained from 1828 to 1837, the enthusiasm she excited being very great. The *Sonnambula* and *Norma* were written expressly for her. She retired in 1836 to a beautiful estate she possessed on the Lake of Como, and has lived there ever since.

At Toronto, Col. E. W. Thompson, a distinguished member of the Agricultural Association. He took an active part in the war of 1812 as a militia officer, and was at one period in the Upper Canadian Parliament.—At Bayswater, Major Charlton B. Tucker, late of H. M. 3d Light Dragoons.—At Gloucester, Capt. J. R. Webb, R. N.—Colonel Wm. Thornton, late of the Grenadier Guards.—Suddenly, at Calcutta, Major Rose, of the Rifle Brigade, nephew of Sir Hugh Rose. He had formerly served in the Coldstream Guards.—C. J. Duesbery, Capt. 66th Regt.

Appointments.

The new Ministry in New Brunswick, as now arranged stands as follows: Hon. Mr. Smith, leader, without office, or as President of the Council; Hon. Mr. Hatheway, Board of Works; Hon. Mr. Allen, Attorney General; Hon. Mr. Gilmour, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Finance; Hon. Bliss Botsford, Surveyor General; Hon. Messrs. Anglin and Hutchinson go in without office. The Solicitor Generalship and Postmaster Generalship are left vacant for the present.—The Rev. P. Freeman, M. A. (Cambridge) to be Archdeacon of Exeter, v Ven. J. M. Stevens, dec.—Major J. P. Hopkins, K. H., to be Governor of the Military Knights of Windsor.

Army.

Better News from Bhootan.—The good results of sending an able commander with reinforcements to the seat of war are apparent. The last India mail brings information thus worded. "Sir W. Mansfield reports Gen. Tombs took Dewangiri on the 2nd (March) with slight loss. No officers killed. The enemy fought well, and lost 130 killed and 30 prisoners, including two chiefs."

The War in New Zealand.—New Zealand journals to the middle of February confirm the report of the surrender of the Maori chief who conceived the idea of associating all the native tribes to resist the advance of the white men. The hostilities that had commenced broke out on the western coast. The details of a severe action are given. The natives had erected a pah on the Waitara Block, recently purchased by Government, but the sale of which the rebels dispute. General Cameron ordered Brigadier Waddy to form an advance camp close to this place on the 24th. A skirmish took place, in which an officer and three men were killed, and seven wounded. Next day the Maories attacked the camp in force; they opened fire on an outlying picket of the 50th, and drove it in with severe loss. While the fight was proceeding here, they broke in on the other side of the camp in such force and with such fury, as to drive the troops before them in a hand to hand fight, in which they used their long-handled tomahawks with deadly effect. The British soldiers were soon rallied, and the Maories were driven back to the bush. It is said that 2,000 fighting men are in arms at Wanjiu, as many as took the field last year in the Waikato. The country is most difficult to operate in.

Our Veterans.—Sir John Guise, whose death took place on the 1st inst., was the senior General of the army, and that position is now occupied by Gen. Pigot, Col. of the 4th Dragoon Guards, who, though a year longer in the service than Sir J. Guise, stood next below him in the list. Sir John entered the army in November, 1794, and Gen. Pigot in September, 1793. But the officer with the longest period of service is Gen. Cosmo Gordon, who became a soldier so far back as December, 1792, and has been therefore more than 72 years connected with the profession. The deaths of Gen. H. Touzel and Sir J. Guise reduce the number of officers whose first commissions date in the last century to exactly a score. As we make out, they stand as follows, according to the year of their joining the army:—Generals Cosmo Gordon, 1792; R. Pigot and Sir J. Fitzgerald, 1793; Field-Marshals Sir E. Blakeney and Lord Gough, and Gens. Sir W. Gomm, Sir A. Clifton, and Sir A. Woodford, 1794; Gens. Sir Hew Ross, T. J. Forbes, and Sir G. Wetherall, in 1795; Sir H. Arbuthnott, in 1796; F. Campbell, Sir W. Wood, H. Shadforth, and Sir S. Auchmuty, in 1797; Sir J. Burgoyne and Sir J. Michell, in 1798; and Sir T. Keuah and Sir A. Dalrymple, in 1799.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

After forming the principal part of the garrison of Toronto for eighteen months, the 16th regiment are transferred to other localities. One wing proceeds to London, and the remaining portion will go to Hamilton. The departure of this fine regiment occasions no little regret.——Col. McDougall has been appointed Adjutant Gen. of the Canadian Militia. Col. McDougall at one time commanded the Royal Canadian Rifles, and he was afterwards attached to the Staff College. He is besides known as the author of several valuable military works.——Lieut.-Col. Graham, V.C., succeeds Col. Simmons, as commanding Royal Engineer at Aldershot.——The 1st company of R. E., under the command of Capt. Maitland, has been placed under orders to embark for Canada on the 27th inst.——The *Gazette* of the 11th inst. publishes the appointment of Major-Gen. Ridley to be Col. 53d foot, Lieut.-Gen. Maunsell to be Col. 85th foot, and Gen. Sir J. Burgoyne to be Constable of the Tower.

Navy.

The *Plover*, from the West Indies, has arrived home, to be paid off.——The armour-plated screw frigate *Minotaur*, at Sheerness, will carry two 300 pounder Armstrongs and twenty 110-pounder Armstrong guns, on each broadside.——The *Hector*, 26, armour clad, was coated with an anti-fouling composition some seven months since, and her bottom, on being examined lately in dock, was found to be covered with long weeds, hanging in tufts and festoons, with a moderate quantity of barnacles, and a larger deposit of corallines aft. It is evident that our chemists have still to find out an efficacious substance to prevent the fouling of iron ships' bottoms.—— The French steam corvette *Darien*, 14, from Havana, arrived at this port last Saturday.——The naval service has lost one of its most devoted friends in the Rev. W. Harvey, who has died suddenly. The deceased gentleman was a son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir T. Harvey, who died while serving as Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies, a nephew of Admiral Sir E. Harvey, a brother of Commodore T. Harvey, and of Capt. H. Harvey, R. N. He may be considered as the originator of the parliamentary committee which sat under the presidency of Mr. Walpole, for the purpose of enquiring into the position of naval officers; and to him may the Navy be mainly indebted for the improvement in its pay, which was one of the results of the inquiry.——Lt. Law, nephew of the Earl of Ellenborough, had his leg broken on the 11th ult., in the vain endeavour to save the life of a seaman who had fallen overboard from the *Shannon*. Mr. Law is doing well at Portsmouth.

Appointments.—Captain: Colin A Campbell to *Narcissus*, Recommissioned at Devonport as flag-ship for the S E Coast of America.—Commander: W F Blake to *Mutine*.—Lieutenant: F G Grant to *Mutine*.—Staff-Surgeon: B Bernard to *Frederick*.—Paymaster: Dutton to *Invincible*.

New Publications.

We have very much enjoyed the perusal of a novel, which has just been published by the Harpers, entitled *Uncle Silas*. It is an English novel—the characters being English, with one prominent exception, and the scene being laid chiefly in Derbyshire. Its author, Mr. J. S. Le Fanu, is known as the writer of "Wylder's Hand," the "Home by the Churchyard," and other stories. His present work may, perchance, be called "sensational," but it will not be condemned as such. It is "sensational" in a creditable way: that is, though it involves startling incidents, and delineates evil characters and the details of a great crime, it does not violate probability. This naturalness and consistency, in the use of graphic and even horrible incidents, distinguishes it from that large class of fictions in which murder, bigamy, mysterious disappearances, and "supernatural solicitings" are blended, without congruity or art, or any regard to either nerves, consequences, or the police. It is this latter class of books that attracts the condemnation of the judicious, on the score of "sensational" qualities. We are sure, however, that no such condemnation will be visited upon "Uncle Silas." The characters in this story are drawn with surprising fidelity to nature, and the plot is devised and carried out with remarkable skill. What that plot is we shall not say, since we do not wish to detract from the pleasure of any reader, whom our present recommendation may persuade to follow the fortunes of Uncle Silas. The novel is worthy to rank with "A Woman's Ransom" and "The Wife's Evidence," both of which it resembles in character, and in power to interest the mind and stimulate the imagination, and both of which have been commended in these columns, as good representatives of a true and commendable style of sensational fiction.

The Harpers have also published, in exceedingly handsome style, the first volume of the *History of Julius Cæsar*, by Louis Napoleon. Much has been said, in these columns, concerning this book, and the remarks of critics have been duly illustrated by extracts from the imperial narrative. The style of the work seems to us decidedly dry and tedious. As a history, we do not doubt that it is correct in matters of fact, however futile it may be in matters of theory. Its aim, as announced by the imperial author, is "to prove that when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow; to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; and to accomplish, in a few years, the labour of many centuries." This aim it, doubtless, accomplishes—to the satisfaction of Louis Napoleon, if not to that of anybody else. When Providence removes such men as Cæsar, by assassination, and Napoleon, by a miserable death in exile, it is, perhaps, to signify that, in the sight of their Maker, all men are equally trivial. It were a waste of time, however, to talk against such a stupid delusion as the old doctrine of Napoleonic fatalism, thus revived. For the rest, this account of the life of Cæsar is sufficiently accurate to entitle the book to a respectable rank among works of its class; while, for those who are interested in a somewhat threadbare theme, it must prove an agreeable medium of study.

Fine Arts.

THE FOURTALES PICTURES.

We select the following memoranda from the sale account of the 31st ult. and 1st inst. The attendance has been very great. The prices are, in some instances, absurd; but the picture-lunacy prevails alike in Paris, in London, and in New York.

"Portrait of a man" (Antonello de Messina)—118,500f.; "Portrait of a young Duke of Urbino," for a long time attributed to Andrea del Sarto, but now admitted to be by Sebastian del Piombo; it formed part of the collection of the Prince of Canino—98,000f.; "Portrait of a young man of the family of Medici" (Bronzino)—85,000f.; "The Virgin and the Infant Jesus" (Leonardo da Vinci); this, which is said to be one of the best preserved of the works of this great master, long decorated the palace of the Kings of Spain—88,500f. "The Marriage of the Virgin" (Philippe de Champagne), which was formerly the altar-piece of the Chapel of the Palais Royal, was put up at 15,000f., and went off at 48,500f. Portrait, profile, of Maximilian I., Emperor of Germany (same artist), damaged—1,300f. Portrait, half-size, of a man; his left hand leaning on his hip and touching the handle of his sword (Francis Hals, Flemish school), put up at 8,000f., went off at 51,000f. Portrait of a Burgomaster (Rembrandt)—34,500f. Portrait of a veteran soldier, seated at a table in the attitude of meditation; a pen in his right hand, and his head leaning on his left, with a manuscript spread out before him (same master)—27,000f. The portrait of a nobleman, head bare, hair cut close, white beard (Rubens)—11,000f. "The Triumph of the Eucharist;" on the left a young woman in a blue tunic borne upon clouds; her right hand holds a chalice surmounted by the consecrated Host, and in her left a golden key; above her the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, and behind her an angel holding a streamer with the words "*In finem dilexit eos*" (Murillo)—67,500f. This picture, by the great Spanish master, was bought for the Louvre. "The Virgin" seated, bending her head over the infant Jesus, whom she presses to her bosom (Murillo)—18,000f. St. Joseph holding the infant Jesus by the hand (same master)—15,000f. A man, his head bare, his breast covered with a black cuirass, lying dead, and though without any mark of violence, in a grotto, the floor of which is strewn with human bones; his right hand on his breast, his left on the guard of his sword. From the roof of the grotto hangs a lamp, in which the flame is flickering. This noble picture formerly decorated the Palace of the Kings of Spain, where it was known as the "Orlando Muerto" (Velasquez), 27,000f.

PICTURES ON MUSIC.

In the interest of a bright-eyed circle, we are about to call attention to a particular branch of art which, although it has made progress within remembrance, is yet open to great improvement, the pictorial embellishment of the title-pages of music. The class for whom this ramification of art spreads its attractions is comprised of young people, and principally of young ladies, whose criticism is not of the rigorous nature calculated to stimulate the exercise of any great effort of creative power; it must therefore be from some outside influence that we must look for advancement. It may be questionable whether illustrated title-pages are called for; but, if pictures be used, there is no question but that they should be of a certain degree of excellence. There are, we admit, varieties in the quality of the highly coloured title-pages displayed to view in the shop windows; but the general impression gained by a cursory glance at them as a whole is that they are scarcely above valentine art, and considerably below that of the French plum-box. Frequently a large bouquet of unbotanical flowers occupies the sheet; in other cases a figure, representing some personage in the opera or ballet with which the music it accompanies is associated, is displayed upon a background on which is depicted in an unfathomable distance a few accessories; or, again, a highly restive horse with remarkably red nostrils and prominent hoofs is depicted upon the page, either reclined against by a Zouave-like proprietor, or mounted by the military possessor of a very gaudy uniform. We might do something better than this: we ought to do it.

One way of acquiring and of giving impetus to progress, is to review that already made. The fact of growth is then impressed upon the mind, and we argue to ourselves that the next twenty years will be fraught with as much change as the last term of the same period. Looking back, then, for this purpose, over piles of old music, much of which is inscribed to their Royal Highnesses the last Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of York, Duke of Cumberland, and other members of the large family of George III., we are brought speedily to the admission we made at the opening of these remarks. The smart though meaningless title-pages with which our music publishers make their wares showy are improvements upon the devices used for the same purpose in the last age. Portraits of the composer, with a sheet of music in the one hand and a pen in the other, were then a favourite embellishment. Ladies in outline, seated at pianos, also in outline, were often likewise placed upon title-pages. But the most curious illustrations are those that accompany descriptive pieces. A piece of music, printed with faded ink or ribbed blue-tinted paper, called "The Fair," is a representative piece. This is headed by an engraving showing a fair, arranged in a symmetrical manner, with much of the appearance of a trim Dutch garden, the people clustered in circles and squares, looking on at the various performances, having a strong resemblance to clipped trees. We quote the title-page with relish, as a photographic indicator of bygone sports and scenes this generation is just able to recall:—"Grand Miscellaneous, Curious and Comical Piece of Music called 'The Fair,' consisting of a great variety of little Bagatelles, selected and revised (merely) for the amusement of Young Folk, in which is introduced the 'Fall-down of Paris;' the whole concluding with a new and joyful piece of Music, composed for the occasion, called 'The Signing of the Definitive Treaty and the Restoration of France, or Peace proclaimed between Two Great Nations,' announced by the sound of trumpets, bells ringing, playing many peals, and the firing of the guns, most respectfully inscribed to the British Ladies, by Signor Sampieri. Description of this entertaining piece, in which is exhibited a variety of very pleasing scenery, as follows:—Dancing bear, dancing dogs, men fighting, dogs fighting, Punch beating his wife, gallantee show, ballad-singer, woman shaving a man, another cooking, boy on a swing, caravan with wild beasts, and a great quantity of shops and other things." It will be observed that the author has failed to make it clear whether the "very pleasing scenery" is in the engraving or the music. However, the "joyful piece" opens with the tune of the dancing-bear. Above the line giving an accompaniment for the violin are depicted three tiny figures—a bear with a cap on his head and a stick in one of his paws, a man in knee-breeches leading it by a string from its muzzle, and another tapping a musical instrument carried under his arm. A slight change in the tum-tum-tum-like tune is headed, "The Gallanty Show;" this is illustrated in the same interlineal manner. A little man, rather more than half an inch high, is standing guard over a peep-show as tall as himself, into which three boys are peering, whilst another boy and a girl are waiting their turn to do the same. The dancing dogs figure at the commencement of the next variation of the tune. There are four of them standing on their hind legs, under the superintendence of a man and a woman, the latter flourishing a whip. The fall of Paris proceeds without pictorial aid, till peace is proclaimed, when two trumpeters, a bellman, and two gentlemen, with swords and cocked hats, appear walking on the fifth line of the bass clef, as though it were a tight-rope. Three artillery men fire off three cannons simultaneously from the fifth line of the violin accompaniment. After a passage, in which the ringing of bells is imitated, a little tower appears on the top of the bass clef. The last illustration fills a whole line. It represents "Quick march and retreat of the whole army going to be disbanded." In this there are thirty-three soldiers, all under an inch high, divided into infantry, and artillery groups, marching across the page, preceded by a drummer, and brought up by an ambulance or ammunition van.

Numbers of the popular pieces of the same period were pictorialized in the same discarded manner. Another mode of embellishment consisted of an engraving placed to head every variation in a piece, called descriptive engravings. "A grand series of musical compositions" before us, "expressing various motions of the sea," is divided into four parts. It opens with "a promenade to the shore, supposing a party going to embark," a light march bearing that title. A view of a bit of shore, with several ladies in scanty skirts, and gentlemen in knee breeches, standing about, with fifteen sails in sight, besides five heavily-loaded boats, illustrates the next movement, "a perfect calm." A second engraving shows a pier, with a lighthouse at the end of it, from which is unfurling an enormous flag, some shipping very much out of the perpendicular, and a hatless figure, to convey an idea of the sea with "a fresh breeze." And a third illustration renders "a storm" by the aid of some very woolly waves engulphing six vessels of different degrees of proximity, whilst a group of five men, on a bit of landscape in one corner, are attending to another, apparently drowned, just washed ashore. No startling figures appear upon the clefs in this piece; but it is copiously explained as it proceeds. Thus a sort of shake is the "sea immensely high;" the same tremulous motion among the lower notes denotes that the "vessel is nearly lost;" a rattling of octaves suggests that "the waves are extremely agitated," and a chromatic scale makes us acquainted with "the distress of the passengers." We can make as much progress from where we are now as we have done from what we did then. Another illustrated "piece" of this same late Georgian era depicts "The Progress of Nature in various Departments, as follows: the Sportsman, Garden-man, Fisherman, and the Woodman." This is illustrated by four coarse etchings; the first consisting of a country alehouse, with four couples of sportsmen in top-boots and low-crowned hats, out in different directions in the adjoining landscape, and the innkeeper watching their proceedings over his half-door, with a calculation, doubtless, as to their ultimate thirstiness; the second a very stiff garden, in bad perspective, belonging to a very formal house in still worse perspective, in which three gardeners are at work, all in top-boots, it may be remarked, but without any coverings for their heads, the foremost of whom is supposed to be singing a little ballad as he is digging a leviathan cabbage-bed; the third, a village on the bank of a river, the principal item in which is a large fish-stall, around which every inhabitant of the district appears to have congregated; and the fourth, a ravine into which a wooden bridge is being precipitated just as four passengers are in the act of crossing, whilst a group of people are occupied in the foreground with felling a tree, chopping wood and carrying it away, cheered by the strains of a flageolet played by a man in the characteristic top-boots, knee-breeches, and low-crowned beaver. These etchings, quite caricatures in their coarseness, as well as the gaudy chromo-lithographs of the present day, make but a sorry show against the manuscript music of old, such as that preserved in the library of Durham Cathedral, written on vellum, when the Mediæval men lavished the labour of days upon an initial.

It is curious that music has been thus overlooked in our time as a suitable subject for pictorial embellishment. Poetry and prose have been profusely illustrated and gorgeously bound for Christmas gift-books and New Year's presents; but it does not appear, yet, to have occurred to artists to illustrate in a first-class manner the grand works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great composers. Where could they look for a grander theme than the "Creation" would afford, or for more ample scope than in Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony?" It would be difficult to suggest a more sublime subject for the most exalted pencil than Handel's "Messiah," with its prophet, angel, and shepherd-singers and eastern scenery.

We are happy to throw out a suggestion which, if acted upon, will open out a new field both for producers and purchasers; and hope to recognize among the gorgeous volumes now annually prepared for gift-books, the majestic compositions of our great musicians, worthily embellished by art.—*English paper.*

LITERARY EXHAUSTION.

Benevolent critics are frequently distressed by the spectacle of exhausted authors—of men whose vein seems to have been worked out as completely as the coal-mines of England will, it is said, be in a few centuries. Their minds, like fields wearied by a succession of similar crops, can only bear a stunted imitation of their former produce. We speak of cases where there is no appearance of any general failure of power. A man's mind may be as vigorous as ever in all other directions, but, when he tries to reproduce the mental images which he once struck off spontaneously, the life seems to have departed from them. Words and phrases are modelled after the same patterns, and show the same characteristic turns of thought, but, even when we cannot define the special element wanting, we are sensible that mechanical contrivance is supplying the place of unprompted impulse. The general effect has somehow lost its brilliancy, although it is hard to say precisely what colours have become faint or misplaced. This disease is peculiarly incident to novelists, though not entirely unknown amongst other imaginative writers. It frequently happens that a man's first novel is also his best. In some kinds of literature, the reverse is more generally true. The mind does not become sufficiently enriched to deal fairly with some thorny questions till comparatively late in life. Lord Macaulay says that, "of all the good books now extant in the world, more than nineteen-twentieths were published after the writers had attained the age of forty." As few authors have sufficient mental continence to refrain from publishing first attempts until they have reached that age, it would follow that most first attempts have been failures, and that the maximum of success has been slowly gained. This, indeed, is almost necessarily the case in many studies. No young man can possibly write a good history. If the accumulated masses of facts which have to be stored away in an historian's memory could be forced into a man's mind by the time he was thirty, he would be made imbecile in the process. It is not an easy thing for any man to be a walking dictionary of dates with impunity; but to turn the youthful mind into an asylum for miscellaneous information before it is properly trained and hardened, is absolutely fatal. The intellect cannot properly assimilate its food if it is supplied too quickly; crude lumps of indigestible facts are the worst possible diet. This is illustrated by the immense importance of even the smallest practical experience to an historian. Gibbon learnt useful lessons as an officer in the militia and as a silent member of Parliament; and Lord Macaulay's political life doubtless added, in general power and in force of style, enough to compensate for the time stolen from the labour of acquiring facts. To have helped to make history is the best of all preparatory training for writing history. Hence, an historian is a plant of slow growth; he can hardly acquire the knowledge or the power of using it till he has outgrown his youthful notions, and, so long as he retains the vigour of his mind, he may probably continue to improve. The same is even more conspicuous in purely scientific studies; few minds can secrete enough thought upon mathematics or chemistry to reach untrodden ground at an early age. Sir Isaac Newton could make great discoveries by the time he was twenty-two; but, as the bounds of science expand, the distance to be crossed before reaching unknown territory must every day require a longer period of probation. In these, and in many other cases, we should therefore be disposed to accept the accuracy of Lord Macaulay's assertion.

In purely imaginative literature, the case might be expected to be different. When the mind has to supply its own materials, instead of working upon materials supplied to it, we naturally expect that the harvest come earlier and exhaustion follow sooner. We can, however, quote many instances to prove that the greatest poems and the greatest fictions in our literature have been produced at a ripe age. Thus *Macbeth* and *Othello* may be advantageously compared with the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Paradise Lost* with *Comus* or *Lycidas*. Spenser was nearly forty when the *Faery Queen* was published; Dryden wrote *Absalom and Achitophel* at fifty; and Pope's most vigorous satires were all written after he was forty. In more modern times, it is true that Shelley, Keats, and Byron all distinguished themselves at an age when many of our earlier poets were still in the chrysalis stage. We can, however, only speculate on the works they might have written if their lives had been prolonged. If we turn to novelists, the greatest of our older writers seem to have flowered late. De Foe did not take to writing novels till he was fifty-eight;

Fielding was over forty when he wrote *Tom Jones*, and Richardson nearly sixty when he wrote *Clarissa Harlowe*. The two last volumes of *Waverley* were written in 1814, when Scott was forty-three, and therefore the whole of the most readable series of novels in existence were written at a still later age. It would be hard to discover names of equal weight to place in the opposite scale. It would therefore seem that the power of writing is not, as a rule, fully developed in youth. Indeed, if a novel forms the vehicle for conveying the writer's experience of life and manners, it could not well be otherwise. It can seldom be worth our while to contemplate the purely imaginary picture of the world which a young man has constructed out of his inner consciousness. Whatever may be the form taken by such youthful writings, they are in substance a mere expression of sentiment; they are a record of feeling, which is sometimes pleasant because it is contagious, but beyond a very narrow circle of observation they cannot be of much interest. Miss Brontë contrived to elaborate a very good novel out of her own experience at school, and in Brussels; but there is an obvious limit to the quantity of generally interesting story to be extracted from the life of one young lady, even though she be a young lady of extraordinary ability. When Miss Brontë drew upon her fancy for heroes who were outside her range of experience, they became mere conventional lay figures. If she had continued to write without a larger stock of observation, she must very soon have exhausted her resources. The interest which she actually excites is, in fact, due to the exhibition of her own idiosyncrasies of mind and character; we see the workings of her own intellect concealed beyond a very thin veil of fiction.

Another example of the class of novel which comes within the capacity of a young man may be found in *Pickwick*. Mr. Dickens has, in the opinion of most people, never again reached the excellence of this very early performance. The peculiar charm of *Pickwick* is obviously of a nature only to be supplied in a man's youth. The observation of external circumstances, and especially of odd and whimsical circumstances, is undoubtedly of wonderful keenness. But this alone goes a very short way. It communicates a certain superficial brilliance to the story, but it does not penetrate deeply enough to produce a sense of really good workmanship. The book will not, in this respect, stand the test of close inspection. We become too quickly aware that the inferior characters are mere names of certain personified absurdities, and even the inimitable Sam Weller begins to fade into a shadowy unsubstantial form when too rigorously investigated. The charm of which we speak is due simply to exuberant animal spirits, associated with great natural powers of humour. No man could be in the state of intellectual exhilaration necessary for writing after the fashion of *Pickwick* after he was thirty. He might possess more delicate humour, and have a much wider stock of observation; but the unflagging vigour which converted everything that met his eyes into matter for inextinguishable laughter could hardly be expected to survive. An imitation of the book would resemble the contortions of an old gentleman trying to join in the games of a schoolboy. Such writing requires a literary essence which is only secreted at a particular time of life; and if a man owes his success to this peculiar faculty, his works will probably become more colourless as he grows older. He may possess the necessary faculties for gaining equal success by a different road; but it is rare to find united in one man the talents of distinct orders, and still rarer to find the resolution to use them. Few men have strength of mind enough to resist the temptation of encountering the most dangerous of rivals in their own former works. The constant failures to repeat an old victory by the old means never seem to deter any one; no human action can be predicted with more certainty than that, when a man has written one good novel, he will try to write another novel, relying for success upon exactly the same merits.

There is another cause for the common phenomenon of one good novel followed by a series of bad ones, growing gradually fainter, like repeated echoes. The didactic form of novel is frequently adopted by persons who have got only one thing to say. Bad as didactic novels generally are, it is not impossible to mention tolerably good ones in cases where the writer is giving the results of some special experience. Even the description of the life of a schoolboy—a description, too, with a moral purpose—has afforded matter for one really good modern novel. At the first attempt, the writer seizes the most appropriate form for conveying the desired doctrine. At his next, he finds his own success in his way. He has to repeat his one remark, not with the simple object of putting it as forcibly as possible, but with the hampering condition of putting it as differently as may be from his first effort. He is always afraid of slipping back into the old grooves. It is not to be wondered at if the attempt generally ends in a very awkward and constrained piece of literary handiwork. We need not stop to investigate other causes of failure in second attempts, such as the lapse into mere respectability of writers who, in the democratic period of life, caricature abuses with a vigour which is wanting in their attempts to flatter the powers that be; or the simple case of a man tempted by success to write faster than he can think, when the break-down which follows requires no explanation. It seems that, as a general rule, the advantages possessed by a young man are more than counterbalanced by the danger of more rapid exhaustion. A certain freshness of effect may be produced which cannot be reached later in life, and a work which depends entirely upon this is not likely to have very deep roots. Successive generations of readers find it more difficult to sympathize in the feelings of the writer. They miss many of the refinements which most forcibly appeal to his cotemporaries. As the merely contagious influence becomes more difficult to convey to distant minds, they begin to feel the want of more solid merits. It is thus probably true of novels as of other forms of literature, that a good deal of preparatory cultivation is required for the finest growths, and the subsequent fertility is likely to be greater in proportion. A man who begins to write at the age of forty, like Sir Walter Scott and Fielding, is not likely to fall into the fatal error of self-imitation; he has accumulated a varied stock of thought, which will enable him, if so disposed, to write continuously for some time without exhaustion; and to write continuously appears to be the inevitable lot of all successful novelists. They seem to be doomed to eternally spin a thread of fiction, however much it may fall off in quality. Whether it is not somewhat degrading for a man to be telling stories after he is forty is a question which every one must answer for himself. If it were a subject for legislation, there would be a suteidiary advantage in forbidding the practice before that age, in the diminished danger of the country being absolutely swamped by novels. Another law should be passed forbidding any man to write more than one novel in his life, or at any rate, to trespass a second time upon ground already occupied by himself. We should lose a few good works. On the other hand, we should be free from the humiliating spectacle of a great writer incessantly working up old stuff into new forms, and the writers themselves would escape much vexation.

We have spoken chiefly of novels, because they seem from experience to be the most exhausting of literary crops. The reason is to be found in the popular theory that a novel is purely a work of fiction. It is generally supposed to be a kind of monstrous production which is produced by spontaneous generation. Unlike all other writings, it is created out of nothing, or at least an indefinitely small quantity of material may be worked up into an indefinitely great quantity of the finished commodity. If it were generally understood that a novelty is merely an autobiography, or a description of personal experience in disguise, authors would be made modest in their exactions from themselves and from us. They would realize the simple fact that you cannot keep a fire burning to any purpose without an abundant supply of new fuel.—*Saturday Review.*

MYSTERIES OF THE CHAMPAGNE TRADE.

It would appear from the case of Abrahams v. Attenborough, which was tried by the Court of Queen's Bench lately, that champagne may even be purchased at the very moderate price of 2s 9d. a dozen, and sold at the racecourse at a guinea a bottle. It has been asked—How can a genuine picture of one of the old masters possess so much value, when the best judges are often unable to tell whether any particular piece is an original or a copy? If the quantity and the quality of the gold in an alleged counterfeit sovereign is so equal to that of a genuine one that you cannot tell them apart by the nicest test, what difference of intrinsic value can there be between them? Similar queries suggest themselves with regard to champagne. One would have thought that the mouths belonging to the pockets which could disburse a guinea for a single bottle of champagne would know the genuine article when they tasted it, and be able in a moment to distinguish it from spurious. If they cannot do this, as it seems they cannot, then the inference is that the counterfeit must be very like the original. It is said that there is more champagne drunk in the world in one single day, than the whole yield of the champagne country would amount to from the accumulated vintages of twenty years. The famous Swiss grape, out of which excellent champagne is said to be manufactured, appears to have a formidable rival in the equally celebrated Putney gooseberry. If there is twenty times as much champagne drunk in a day, taking the world over, as there is produced by the champagne vineyards in a year, one would suppose that every drop must be drained out of its native locality the moment it is fit for export, and that anybody applying there for a bottle would be in the same predicament as the traveller who stopped at Epping to taste the famous sausages, and was told he could not have any, for the significant and suggestive reason that "the London coach had not come in."

It appears that certain champagne warrants had been pawned in 1862 with the defendant in the action mentioned above. In May last these warrants were put up for sale at Messrs. Debenham and Storr's, in Covent Garden. How it was that in the summer season, when champagne drinking is part of the normal state of things, eager speculators, anxious to make a hasty fortune by clearing 2,000 per cent., would not invest in this metaphorical gold mine, does not appear. The champagne had to go a-begging. "No one appeared to venture on it in bulk," so it was attempted to get it off in small lots of a dozen or two. The plaintiff Abrahams invested to the extent of a couple of dozen. This seems to have encouraged the defendant to accost him and make him an offer of the whole quantity on hand, and "ultimately it was agreed between them that the plaintiff should have the remainder at 12s. 9d. a dozen, but it was afterwards made 13s. a dozen. The defendant, in the course of conversation, said the wine came from Switzerland, and was very good, and as the Derby and Bath races were coming off, it would be a good thing for him." The plaintiff also swore that "this wine suited people who attended races. It is sold on racecourses at a guinea a bottle and under," and we dare say when the weather is warm, and there is much demand, it is sold at a guinea a bottle "and over." The facts and issue of the case are of interest as illustrating the mysteries of the champagne trade, and particularly as furnishing an infallible recipe for making a large fortune in an incredibly short space of time. If this wine, and any amount of the same sort, had been bought by one knowing what to do with it just before the races were coming on, and sold it at 2,000 per cent. profit immediately afterwards, and then the proceeds turned in the same way again and again at the successive races through the year, and so on during subsequent years, the heaps of gold that would be piled up by this process in the course of a single decade are perfectly astounding. The hypothetical farthing put out at compound interest, Anno Domini 1, and amounting by this time to countless globes of gold as big as this earth, is the only parallel worthy of being placed in contrast with so marvellous a phenomenon. Something bitter, however, is generally sure to turn up in the sweetest draught; and this excellent champagne from Switzerland, warranted to realize about 2,000 per cent. profit on the racecourse, had been so unlucky as to get into Chancery. When the plaintiff went to Fenning's wharf with his warrants to get the wine he found no less than five injunctions had attached themselves to it, and held it in their grip. The worst of it was that he had sold it before he had obtained corporal possession of the article. The keeper of the Grand Stand at Epsom was to have twelve dozen at 25s. per dozen. The defence was, that not the wine, but only the warrants were sold, and that the defendant did not warrant his warrants, but only agreed to sell them as he held them. His counsel impeached the patriotism of the plaintiff for having "extolled Swiss champagne and ignored the Putney gooseberry;" but his humour and his eloquence were alike thrown away, as the jury returned a verdict which gave back the plaintiff the £40 he had paid, together with £25 damages for not being able to complete his contracts with the persons to whom he had sold the wine. When the injunctions are got rid of, this champagne will no doubt be consumed at the races next season at the rate of a guinea a bottle.—*London Morning Post.*

THE RUSSIAN EPIDEMIC.—The exaggerated rumours that have been flying about concerning the Russian epidemic have failed to excite a panic in this country. The public will be farther reassured by a statement in the St. Petersburg Journal, the *Poste du Nord*, explaining that the Siberian plague has not appeared there, and that the disease is a compound of typhus, typhoid and relapsing fever, the deaths from which are gradually decreasing, rendering extra hospital accommodation unnecessary. As an example of the nonsense that has been written about the effects of the "plague," the *Poste du Nord* quotes a story circulated by a German paper, the *Wanderer*. According to this a number of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, terrified by the reports relating to the apparition of the Siberian plague, had set fire to the convent of the nuns of the Elevation of the Cross, and that this institution, together with the Municipal Free Hospital, had fallen a prey to the flames. Of course the story was quite unfounded.—*Liverpool Courier, April 12.*

The latest accounts of the Russian epidemic happily justify the view we took of it while our information was more confused and contradictory than it is now. That many poor people in Russia have suffered from fevers, the result of their poverty and uncleanliness, is certain, and that such fevers commonly spread to classes above those amongst whom they are bred we know by experience in England. But in this case the disorder seems to have been very much confined to the indigent, and to have been far less destructive to them than some brilliant newspaper writers make it appear. It is a great comfort to learn that though the Black Death broke out in the columns of the *Times* the other day the plague is unknown at St. Petersburg, and, therefore is unlikely to come into England from that quarter at present. The disease which has distressed Russia is now decreasing, and therefore we may abandon our fears, though not our caution. There are other epidemics besides the Black Death—diseases as fatal, almost, if not so terrible in name. Two summers ago scarlet fever destroyed as many lives in England as plague and cholera have done at other times; and there is always a snug hotbed of typhus in half a dozen different districts of London ready to break out into a flame. We need be as careful of these as of any epidemic that is likely to come from Russia.—*Pall-Mall Gazette.*

The following is the copy of a telegram, dated April 8, 1 A. M., received from the British Ambassador at St. Petersburgh:

"Another physician has confirmed my previous reports on the fever here. Dilated pupils are a symptom of recurrent fever, but typhus is the more general disease. I believe there have been no cases with bubos or carbuncles. The army and navy are healthy. Four or five physicians have died. The Ismailfow Barracks are converted into a hospital. On March 15, of last year, there were in hospital 2,744 patients; on March 15, this year, 3,812. The normal mortality is at this season about 40 deaths daily. I expect immediately authentic statistics. I shall report when received. The disease is decreasing, and there are vacant beds in hospitals."

JOHN WILSON; ALLAN RAMSAY.—Two statues, both of them the work of Mr. John Steell, were inaugurated lately in Edinburg, as we have already briefly mentioned; one of Professor Wilson (Christopher North), and the other of Allan Ramsay, the poet. They are placed in the Princes-street Gardens, flanking the Royal Institution—that of Ramsay to the west of that building, and that of Wilson to the east. The situation is well chosen and the figures group advantageously with the surrounding buildings in almost every point of view. It is seldom that perfect harmony can be obtained, and the colossal bronze figure of Wilson, when looked at in a line with the Scott Monument, is hardly in unison with the fretted Gothic work of that structure. It is, however, a remarkably fine work of its kind. No sculptor could have had a better model than John Wilson, whose tall athletic figure, fine leonine head, and careless easy style of dress rendered him the most remarkable man in the city, "the observed of all observers." Mr. Steell has therefore wisely represented the man in his every-day costume, a loose frock-coat, and flowing plaid thrown negligently over his shoulders, bare neck and ample lying-down collar; the right hand is grasping the plaid, and the left holding a loose manuscript; a palm-tree trunk, indicative of his principal poem, supports the figure. The whole form is full of animation, and the position graceful, but not stiff; altogether, it presents one of the best instances of the adaptation of modern every-day costume to statuary in this country. The pedestal consists of a square block of freestone, with base and cornice, having attached shafts at the angles.

The statue of Allan Ramsay, the gift of his descendant, the late Lord Murray, has been executed in Carrara marble, and is upwards of 10 ft. in height. The poet is represented in the quaint costume of the period in which he flourished:—a round cap (similar to that in the well-known portrait of Hogarth), large square-cut coat with huge pocket flaps and turned-up cuffs, ruffles at the wrists, deep vest to match, knee breeches, tight-fitting hose, with shoe and knee buckles. The position of the figure of Ramsay does not appear to us to be so successful as that of Wilson. The pose of the figure is rather constrained and leans backward, producing an effect as if he were supporting himself against the mass of drapery which falls from his left shoulder; and this flowing drapery we think a mistake, as it detracts from the quaintness that should have been the characteristic of a figure so costumed. The terrace of the west garden being much narrower than that of the east one, it was necessary, in order to bring the statues into line, to erect a platform upon which to place that of Ramsay; and this part of the work has been intrusted to Mr. David Bryce, architect. The dip of the ground is sudden and deep, and it was found necessary to make the foundations at a depth of 40 ft. below the level of Princes-street. Upon this foundation a square structure has been raised, which is corbelled out near the top, decorated with a roof-moulding and gargoyles, and formed into a flat platform for the pedestal, having a walk of 3 ft. in breadth all round, surrounded by a low stone balustrade. This platform is joined to the terrace by a narrow stone bridge. The effect of this arrangement is quaint and unique, and might have been still better had the whole structure been larger. The pedestal is exactly the same as that for Professor Wilson, with the addition of medallion portraits of Ramsay's most distinguised relatives, including one of Lord Murray.—*Builder.*

REGULATION OF THEATRES.—The draft of a bill to amend the laws relating to theatres and other places of public amusement, which was brought in by Mr. Locke, on the 10th of last month, has just been published. Appended to the bill is a schedule of rules, intended to insure the safety of the public in theatres. One of them is left incomplete and unintelligible through an error of the press. The others provide: 1. That, with the exception of private box lobbies, to which the public have not free access, every hall or corridor shall be at least 8ft. wide, and 1ft. more in width for each hundred persons over five hundred who are to be accommodated in the part of the building to which it leads. 2. That in each part of the building there shall be a doorway access of 6 ft. in width at least for each five hundred persons to be accommodated in that part, and 1 ft. more for each additional hundred; and that no box or internal doorway shall be less than 3 ft. wide. 3. That all doors shall be hung so as to open outwards, that is, towards the way of egress. 5. That all alleys and gangways in the audience part of the house shall be kept free from seats and every other obstruction to the free ingress and egress of the public. 6. That all gaslights in any part of the building which are, or may be at any time, within 2 ft. of

any inflammable substance, shall be efficiently guarded, with wire-work or otherwise.—*Ditto.*

MR. GLADSTONE ON VIRGIL.—We enjoyed keenly our full clear sight of the volcanic action (of Mount Etna) and even at the moment I could not help being struck with the remarkable accuracy of Virgil's account. The great features of this action are the sharp and loud clap which perceptibly shook from time to time the ground of the mountain under our feet; the sheet of flame which leapt up with a sudden momentary blast, and soon disappeared in smoke; then the showers of red-hot stones and lava. These showers were most copious, and often came in the most rapid succession. Even while we were ascending the exterior of the cone we saw them alighting on its slope, and sometimes bounding down with immense rapidity within perhaps some thirty or forty yards of our rickety footing on the mountain side. They dispersed like the sparks of a rocket; the larger ones ascended as it were with deliberation, and descended first with speed and then with fury. Now they passed even over our heads, and we could pick up some newly fallen and almost intolerably hot. Lastly, there was the black grey column, which seemed smoke, and was really ash, and which was shot from time to time out of the very bowels of the crater, far above its edge, in regular unbroken form. It was on account of this that, in ascending, the guide said, "Do not look towards the sky, or your eyes will be filled with sand." Now how faithfully has Virgil (*Aen.* iii. 571 *sqq*) comprised these particulars, doubtless not without exaggeration, in his fine description. First, the thunderclap or crack:—

"Horrificis juxta tonat Aetna ruinis."

Secondly, the vibration of the ground to the report:—

"Et fessum quoties mutet latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam."

Thirdly, the sheet of flame:—

"Attollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit."

Fourthly, the smoke:—

"Et coelum subtexere fumo."

Fifthly, the fire-shower:—

"Scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaestuat imo."

Sixthly, the column of ash:—

"Atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla."

And this is within the limits of twelve lines. Modern poetry has its merits, but the conveyance of information is not, generally speaking, one of them. What would Virgil have thought of authors' publishing poems with explanatory notes (to illustrate is a different matter), as if they were so many books of conundrums?

The above extract is quoted from an English review of a new Handbook of Sicily, and is thus introduced:

"The description of Etna is full of interest, and we regret that space forbids us to do more here than quote one passage of it, taken from a diary kept by Mr. Gladstone during a tour in the island, and by him placed at the editor's disposal. His account of the ascent of Etna, just at the beginning of the eruption of 1838, is vivid throughout, but the following analysis of Virgil's description of an eruption will be to many readers the most interesting part. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is always good on matters of scholarship, partly perhaps for the very reasons which make technical scholars apt to complain of him. His Homeric speculations were sometimes fanciful, but there was a freshness in them, a keenness of interest, a width of sympathy, which the technical scholar seldom has, or, if he has it, nearly always loses."

BEER IN BAVARIA.—And now a few words on the history of the Hofbräuhaus. Till the year 1589 there was only a Court brewery of white beer in Munich; the white beer was a monopoly of the sovereign, and every landlord who sold brown beer was compelled to take a certain quantity of white beer from the Court brewery. But, at that time, the brewing of white beer was carried on to such an extent that the buildings which now serve for brewing white and brown were then monopolized by the white alone; and that the brewers need not leave their work, a chapel was built in the brewery for their use, and the brewers themselves raised money, by subscription, for an altar and an altar-piece. In 1589, a brewery was built in the old fortress for brown beer, but the brewery was transferred, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, to its present place, and at the beginning of the nineteenth the old building was renewed, and made into its present form. It was not till the year 1828 that the brewery was thrown open to the public. It had served till then for the carousals of court flunkeys, and a few other favoured guests; but, with the beginning of the reign of King Ludwig, after the abolition of the monopoly which compelled all Munich landlords to buy their white beer from the Court brewery, the public was allowed to enter, and from that time there has been a succession of "hereditary guests," who have always remained faithful to the favoured place. It is strange that, in the many panegyrics one reads on King Ludwig, this fact is left out of sight. One would think Munich people would be more grateful to him for giving them good beer, and supplying them with a perpetual "haunt and main region," than for all his temples and churches, which they appreciate so little. I was travelling last year in a diligence by the side of two Germans, and one began to ask the other about the attractions of Munich. One of his first questions was, "Where does one get good beer?" The other's reply was very long and very copious in detail, but as I was not sufficiently interested in the enumeration of various breweries and taverns, I am sorry to say I have forgotten it. Not so the stranger. It was evidently graven in his memory, and he at once remarked with touching *naïveté*, "I confess to you that I shall not go much out of my way to see the galleries and churches in Munich; my chief object while I am there will be to taste the beer."—*Letter from Munich.*

A NOTORIETY OF THE TEMPLE.—Miss Flight fell down dead in the Middle Temple this week. Dickens' readers know her as the little lady who was always hovering about the courts and behaving eccentrically. Doubtless she was considered a mere pen-and-ink sketch from fancy, but she was a fact, every inch of her. She would, we know, stop the most learned judges that sit on the bench when in full swing of their awful judgment. She would rise and shake her lean weird fist at the embodiment of wisdom in horse hair, and exclaim, "Oh, you vile man! oh, you wicked man! Give me my property! I will issue a *mandamus* and have your bones *corpus*!" And having continued in a like manner for a minute or two she would bind up her papers in "red tape"—at least, tape that had once been red, and had followed her dirty fortunes for years—and either subside into the seat granted her beside the barristers or depart triumphant from court. No usher had dared exclaim, "Silence!" or send forth the hush of the cackling animal peculiar to that official. No barrister had nudged her under the fourth rib, as he might have done another, and would have done had she been fairer. And the learned judge, sitting patiently till the end, with a mild perspiration only rising on the tip of the nose to show that he was in any way put out, would then, as if nothing had occurred, resume the thread of his learned judgment, to be appealed against, perhaps, soon after. What the mystery is between Miss Flight and the Bar no one can tell. She may have been the embodiment of a peculiar wrong, and have appeared in the eyes of the bewigged as a sort of ghost threatening the evil-doers with the shades. Perhaps she was pensioned merely out of some stray idea of benevolence. We scarcely thought of that in connection with the object of our comment, and yet to a certain extent it may be true, as she received from the right learned Middle Temple a sum of shillings per week which she added to a sum of shillings received from the right learned Inner Temple, and so she supported life. But why the learned of the law gave something for nothing and were afraid of and respectful to the little woman let no man inquire. The little woman's soul has, however, flitted, and we can say that, after all, the few young lawyers who knew naught of her history will send after her whither she has gone a word of regret.—*Court Journal.*

OPENING OF THE NEW TATTERSALL'S.—The closing of an establishment which for the last 100 years has been "the high change of horse-flesh" in this country, and which four generations bearing the same name have presided over with unblemished reputation and honour, is an event of mark even in the busy days in which we live. The "Corner"—almost a household word—will now have to disappear from the vocabulary of sporting men; the narrow entry at the top of Grosvenor-place leading to the equally narrow yard, down which the eye of many a curious stranger has wandered, will soon be obliterated by the additions that the authorities of St. George's Hospital are about to make to their premises, and in their new and spacious establishments near Albert-gate the Messrs. Tattersall will continue to conduct a business the name and fame of which has penetrated to every corner of the civilized globe.

All things come to an end, even a 99 years lease, and that granted to Richard Tattersall in 1766 has, by expiring this year, necessitated the removal. The change is much for the better. A spacious and well-proportioned yard, roofed in with glass, for the sale of horses and carriages, stabling and loose boxes fitted with all the means and appliances that modern luxury has called into existence, and a subscription-room of noble proportions, lavish in colour and ornamentation, but at the same time tempered with good taste, are the features of which we are the gainers. To the loss side of the account must be placed the absence of the paddock at the old place, such a welcome retreat on a crowded Monday afternoon in Midsummer; but probably in the great altitude of the new room, and the cool encaustic tilling of the floor—a perfect kaleidoscope in colour—this will not be so much missed. The traditions of the former Tattersall's are preserved in the bust of George IV. surmounting the cupola of a pretty fountain in the yard, while beneath the time-honoured fox, repainted a lively brown, sits installed.

The place was crowded to excess this (Monday) afternoon, the sale of Mr. Henry Chaplin's hunters occupying the yard, and the Northampton settling the subscription-room. Mr. Chaplin's Emperor, the winner of this year's Grand National Hunt at Wetherby, was bought in for 650 guineas. In both places the noise was very great, the high-pitched roof causing an echo which rendered it rather difficult to hear the auctioneer's voice, while the selling was carried on amid a Babel of sound.

With this exception nothing but admiration was expressed by the subscribers and *habitués* at the splendour of the new room and the perfect arrangements of the yard and stabling. The whole building will probably cost little less than £30,000. —*Times.*

THE LARGEST RAILWAY BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.—The proposed bridge, which is to carry the South Wales and Great Western Direct Railway across the river Severn, near to Chepstow, is, according to the design of Messrs. Fowler and Fulton, the engineers, to be two miles and a quarter in length, and is to have sufficient headway to permit masts of ships of 123 feet in length to pass under when the surface of the river is at the level of mean tide, so as in no way to impede the navigation. The principal opening which is to cross the low-water channel is to be 600 feet span, being the total width of the Thames at Southwark-bridge, or 150 feet wider than the span of the Menai-bridge. Messrs. Fowler and Fulton estimate the probable cost at £980,000, for which sum the eminent firm of Messrs. Cochrane, Grove, and Co., have undertaken to complete the work. The gradients upon this new route will be such as to make the line between London and the South Wales coalfields better adapted to a large coal and mineral traffic than any other line of the same length in the kingdom. The shortening of distance and securing the better gradients will practically diminish the journey between Milford Haven, the South Wales coalfields, and London by about 40 miles.

GAIL AND ABIGAIL.—Certain American journals are said to be very angry with the English critics who have in noticing a book called "A New Atmosphere" persistently talked of its author as "Mr. Hamilton." The mistake was first made in the *Athenæum*, and was repeated in the *Saturday Review*; but considering that the title-page of the book bore simply the name Gail Hamilton, the mistake is not unaccountable. Had the authoress used her own name—Abigail E. Dodge—instead of this aristocratic *nom de plume*, the blundering would not have occurred. Yet it is for things like this that the English people are accused of ignorance of "the institutions of the great American Republic."—*Liverpool Courier.*

"BROTHER JONATHAN."—The following paragraph has often gone the rounds of the newspapers, and we see it again just now in an exchange:

BROTHER JONATHAN.—In the Revolutionary war, Washington being in great want of supplies for the army, and having confidence in his friend, Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, said: "We must consult Brother Jonathan." And the expression became a name for the Yankees and then of the American people.

We are unable to give any credit to this explanation. It is totally unlike Washington, who was notoriously ceremonious in his speech with and about "dignities;" nor was he at all likely to consult the Governor of Connecticut, in especial, about supplies; nor is it easy to see how from such a circumstance the expression could become a "name for the Yankees." In our opinion there is a much more plausible reason for this nickname, which has not been usually applied, by the way, to the New Englanders especially, but used rather as a personification of the whole American people. Whoever may see fit to consult the travels of Jonathan Carver, a New Englander, originally published in London, some years before the war of the Revolution, will find grants of large tracts of land to him by the Western Indians, in the deeds conveying which he is styled by them "our dear brother Jonathan." The oddity of the expression would naturally strike our English friends and by them his work, as relating to an interesting country of which they were comparatively ignorant, was extensively read. As a very early traveller among the Indians, Carver was a representative man of his countrymen, and it is not difficult to see how the phrase might be caught up and applied to the whole.—*Boston Courier.*

A HIGHLAND SHOWER.—Under a bright sun and a cloudless sky you suddenly catch something like a thud on the hat. Startled, and looking upwards, some half dozen tumblerfuls of water come splash on your face. There seems no cause for this, except that the hills seem to be covered with tinfoil, and the sun looks a little hazy, and to be leering at you—but this only for an instant, while you are at the edge of the cloud; suddenly all becomes dark as an eclipse, while the tumblerfuls rattle down in millions. After a couple of minutes the whole stops suddenly as with a jerk, or as if the grandmother of all buckets, as the Persians would say, had been emptied. When you come to your senses, you see the cloud careering away like a black curtain, lifting its skirt over mountain after mountain, and revealing them to the sun, while stretching over its back is a double rainbow—not hazy and translucent like common specimens, but all clear as if painted on a black board, though with colours so bright as to eat out any ever laid on by the hand of man. On your own side everything glitters in the sun as if millions of diamonds had been strewed about, and over multifarious clattering brooks tiny irises caper away in all their finery like distracted fairies. From the steeped birches in the hollows, and the fields of bog-myrtle, the hot sun pours out and dispenses a fragrance to which the odours of all the cosmetics of the perfumers' shops are what the Dutch call them—stinks. You have been so completely soused as if you had been dipped under Foyers; but the sensation is worth paying for, and you may yet have refreshing recollections of it when traversing some shingly plutonic vine district or dry sandy plain of France or Germany.—*The Cairngorm Mountains.*

FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH MUSCLE.—The following remarks of the *Siècle* respecting the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race may afford some amusement to our readers:—"The great question that agitates the English mind just at the present moment is this: will the students of Oxford or those of Cambridge be the conquerors in the approaching regatta on the Thames? For several years Oxford has been victorious, and Cambridge on this particular occasion is determined to make unheard-of efforts to carry off the prize-cup (*coupe d'honneur*). The two crews that are about to compete are already housed in two separate hotels in the village of Putney, where the regatta is to come off. Placed under a most severe system of training, sent to bed at twilight and made to rise at dawn, drinking neither beer nor any spirituous liquor, bent over their oars twice every day, gaining little by little in the rapidity of their stroke, in gauging their strength, and in recovering their wind, these young men are going through a novitiate which in all respects, save the religious ceremony, recalls to memory the ordeal of the wrestlers in the games of ancient Greece. *Le Sport*, in this sense, contributes essentially to the strength of a nation. It is not in this way that we practise it in France; it is not very likely that the boating men of the Seine and Marne, even in the hope of winning the most splendid of cups, will ever submit to the training of the boating men of Cambridge and Oxford." The above remarks contain, not unnaturally, one or two errors of detail; but the writer evidently appreciates and admires the determined spirit which induces the chosen youth of England voluntarily to submit to the strictest discipline and to go through the severest physical labour.

THE MULE MYSTIFIED.—A great source of amusement to the Parisians of late has been the mule Rigolo, exhibiting at Franconi's, at the Cirque Napoléon, on the Boulevards. Rigolo is an animal so peculiarly and richly endowed by nature with the genuine mulish disposition attached to his race, that no one has yet ever been successful in "persuading" him to do anything whatsoever. You may push him, or drag him about by force, or, as Falstaff says, make him go by sheer compulsion; but locomotion with him, or on him, under any other conditions, seemed simply impossible. Encouraged by their faith in these amiable tendencies, the proprietors of the Circus, not content with submitting Rigolo to every species of insult and indignity on the part of the clown—to which, indeed, it must be owned, he seemed perfectly insensible—actually exhibited such confidence in his obduracy of character as to offer 100f. reward to anyone who should succeed in riding him once round the arena. Many were the competitors for the prize, great the attraction, great the fun and laughter, and, above all—and what was doubtless the chief object in view on the part of the managers—immense the audiences to witness the failures. Last week, however, the proprietors of this semi-official establishment were for once made to pay for the joke which had hitherto so well paid themselves. A young fellow suddenly jumped into the arena, sprang upon the mule's back, and clapped both his hands over the animal's eyes. To the astonishment of every one, Rigolo exhibited symptoms of amazement, and actually began to move!—unsteadily, indeed, and as though groping his way; but on he went, suffering himself, in his blindness, to be in a measure guided, and actually accomplishing the prescribed circuit, amidst a perfect hurricane of applause. The managers wished to get off their bargain on the plea of the game not having been fairly played; but the audience would not hear of it, insisted upon the penalty being paid in a manner and attitude which admitted of no demurring, and were not to be conciliated until the five gold Napoleons were actually counted into the dirty hands of one of the great unwashed! The offer was still maintained for a time as a "draw," but conditionally, and on the terms of leaving Rigolo the use of his eyesight to see better how to stand still. But the amusement became at last too popular, and led to disturbances. The police authorities interfered, and Rigolo has, for the present, been withdrawn—or rather, been dragged—from the sight of an admiring public.—*Paris letter.*

A CURIOUS INVENTION.—An investigation of a very interesting character has been made at Blackwall. A circular has been recently issued among those connected with the shipping interests relative to an apparatus which, it is alleged, will give an instantaneous alarm in the event of any vessel suddenly springing a leak, or upon the overheating of the cargo from spontaneous combustion, or from any other cause, and which

does not wait until the breaking out of the fire before it gives the alarm, but announces it in sufficient time to avert the danger, and actually points out the immediate locality in the vessel where the fire may be originating. An announcement like this, with such important results, naturally excited the attention of all parties connected with the mercantile marine. While all admitted the value of such an invention, yet few could be brought to believe that such a thing was practicable; and in order to test this, a demonstration was made in the presence of several gentlemen especially interested in shipping. How the action of two opposite elements of fire and water could be brought to bear by any apparatus which could act simultaneously on both seemed somewhat paradoxical. This, however, was most successfully illustrated by the result of the experiments. An indicator, with an alarm bell, was placed in a part of the building supposed to represent the captain's cabin, connected with a battery, with wires leading to the calormetres fixed in the hold and other parts of the vessel. Some of these wires also led to the water apparatus placed in the well of the ship. The first experiment was made by increasing the water in the hold, and immediately upon its rising a few inches the alarm bell was rung, and the indicator showed that the cause of the alarm was from "water;" the continual increase of the water caused the indicator again to show "water two feet." The second experiment was made upon some jute which was supposed to be in the hold and in the act of heating, which, when the temperature rose to only 100 deg., caused the apparatus to ring the alarm in the captain's cabin, while the indicator denoted "Fire—Hold." The heat was generated upon this occasion by pouring a quantity of warm water upon the jute. The other experiments were made from calormetres supposed to be placed in various other parts of the ship, the indicator showing in what part of the vessel the fire was generating; the heat in these cases also being from a tumbler of water heated only to 100 deg., applied to the several calormetres.—*London Shipping Gazette.*

BEGGARS PUT DOWN.—The Police are at last beginning to put down street mendicants and impostors. The excitement this invasion of the vested rights of tattered vagrancy has caused, in Crutched Friars particularly, beggars description. The movement, as it affects that crying evil, professional babies, is yet in its infancy; but the blind, with or without their leading articles, find their steps dogged, and the spurious sailors, decked in nautical attire, are all at sea.

We have reason for believing that the sphere of operations is likely to be extended. Begging the question, especially in the neighbourhood of Westminster, is no longer to be tolerated. Lame excuses will not be listened to, and all those persons who are wilfully blind, and shut their eyes to the consequences, will be transported, say, to the Cataracts.

Any one, after this notice, halting between two opinions (or two lamp-posts) is liable to be be brought before the Alderman of Cripplegate, in whose worshipful presence he will find himself in a hobble, and without a leg to stand on. As ragged clothes (too often *en suite* with rents in arrear) are viewed with suspicion, persons out of elbows are cautioned to keep the Police at arm's length.—*Punch.*

MAKING FUN OF MANAGERS.—The modern managerial fashion of hanging out announcements in front of the theatres to inform the public of the state of the house has been lately neatly parodied at Liverpool. A short time ago, when Mr. Howard Paul was giving his entertainment at a rival establishment, in this town, the theatre was doing a notoriously bad business; but the manager, true to his tactics of impressing the outside public, continued his plan of hanging out such placards as "Pit full;" "Only standing-room in the Boxes," &c. Mr. Howard Paul had a similar set of placards printed, and at six o'clock in the evening, before the doors were opened, a huge bill appeared in front of his hall,—"Very Empty." A little later the public were informed by another placard that there were "Two in the Pit." This was removed to make way for one still larger and more imposing—"Sufficient in to form an Audience." At nine o'clock another was exhibited—"Room to lie full length in any part of the House;" and when the entertainment was over and the audience departed, a last and larger bill was displayed—"Not a soul in yet for to-morrow night's performance." This travestie of *les affiches* caused much amusement in town, and has done something towards checking such imaginative announcements.—*London paper.*

"ALL IN THE DOWNS."—The pier erected at Deal (on the coast of Kent, opposite the famous anchorage of the Downs) has been formally opened, Mrs. Hugesson, the wife of one of the Cinque Ports representatives, having performed the ceremony. The day was one of general rejoicing in the little town. The dinner which followed the opening was attended by the borough and county members. The pier is constructed entirely of iron. It is 1,100 ft. long, 25 ft. wide, and has a T shape; the head is 120 ft. long, and 50 ft. wide, the abutment being 100 ft. by 407 ft. The body of the pier rests on about fifty ornamental iron columns, of about 18 in. in diameter, which are screwed into the rock: they are tied horizontally by diagonal braces of wrought-iron, and are surmounted by ornamental caps. The pier-head, where steamers can be moored alongside in any state of the tide, rests on the same kind of pillars as the body of the pier, but for greater strength they are tied diagonally, vertically, and horizontally, and are surrounded by a timber fender. Along each side of the pier is ranged a continuous seat, the back formed of an iron network, which forms a finish to the top of the structure. At the entrance there are two toll-houses, and at the head there is a corresponding shelter-house, which it is expected will be used as a reading-room. Mr. E. Birch acted as engineer; and Messrs. Laidlaw and Son, of Glasgow, undertook the actual erection of the pier.—*London paper.*

SLOW AND SURE.—Once, at Mr. Rogers's table, I was talking with one of his guests about the speed with which some authors composed, and the slowness of others. I then turned to our host, and, much to his surprise, inquired how many lines a-day on the average a poet usually wrote. My friend, when his astonishment had a little subsided, very good-naturedly gave us the result of his own experience. He said that he had never written more than four lines of verse in one day of his life. This I can easily understand; for Mr. Rogers's taste was the most fastidious, as well as the most just, I ever met with.—*Charles Knight.*

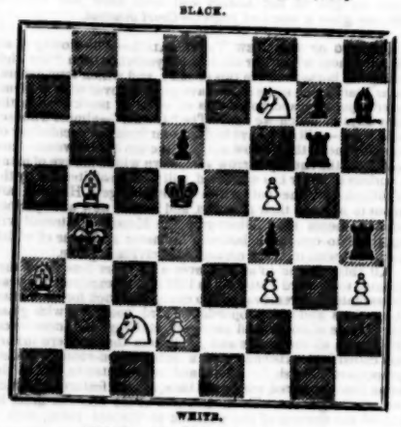
PRAED'S PLACE AMONG POETS.—That Praed would ever have taken his place among poets of the first rank, even had he applied to verse the energy which he brought to political eloquence, nothing that he has written can lead us to suppose. His were not thoughts that breathe, or words that burn. His sphere of action was not one to call forth the deep thoughts, the fervent passion, or the solemn and sublime chords of the poetic mind. He had not learned by suffering what he taught in song, for, bating delicate health in his earlier and later days, his lines were set in pleasant places, and he rather compiled with than exerted his intellectual powers in all his literary productions. But we see no reason to doubt that he might have secured for himself a high position among poets of the second order; and among a class so numerous to become conspicuous is no easy or common feat.—*Saturday Review.*

A DISCONTENTED TRIO.—Lord Palmerston has witnessed many strange scenes in his lifetime, but we doubt very much whether his long experience could furnish a parallel to the downright ruffianism of three fellows to whom it was his duty at the South London Exhibition, to hand certificates of merit. It seems that a plasterer, a porter, and a joiner had formed a very high estimate of the articles they had shown; and when they found that they were awarded certificates, and not medals, they deliberately, and in the most insulting manner, tore up the cards before his lordship, and scattered the pieces among the assemblage. The sound feeling of the large crowd of working men present was, however, too much for the disappointed exhibitors, who were driven from the building.—*London paper, April 8.*

Chess.

PROBLEM, No. 850.—By J. Chapman, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 3 moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 849.

By a slip of the pen this solution was made to require four moves. The Problem is easily solved in three.

White.	*Black.*
Q to Q 7	K to B sq
Q to K B 3, ch	K to his sq
Q mates.	

The subjoined Game was played recently at the Blackheath Chess Club, Herr Steinitz giving the odds of the Queen's Knight and the move to Mr. Barber, the Treasurer of the Club. In the conduct of this game, Herr Steinitz exhibits his usual dash.

(Remove Black's Queen's Knight.)

White (B.)	*Black* (S.)	*White* (B.)	*Black* (S.)
1 P to K 4	P to Q B 4	13 Q to K R 3	Q to B 2
2 P to Q B 3	P to K 3	14 Q Kt to R 3	Q R to K sq
3 P to K B 4	P to Q R 3	15 B to B 3	P to Q B 5
4 P to Q R 4	P to Q 4	16 P to Q 4	P tks P, en pass.
5 Q to K B 3	P tks P	17 B to Q 2	B to K 6 (a)
6 Q tks P	Kt to B 3	18 B tks R	P tks B
7 Q to K B 3	B to Q 3	19 K R to K sq	R to K sq
8 B to B 4	Castles	20 B to Q sq	P to K 7
9 K Kt to K 2	P to K 4	21 Q tks Q P	R to B 4, ch (b)
10 Castles	Q B to K Kt 5	22 K to R sq	Kt to Kt 5
11 Q to Kt 3	B tks Kt	23 Q to Kt 3	Q tks Q
12 B tks B	P tks P	24 P tks Q	R to K 3

and Black mates next move.

(a) Black thus obtains an overwhelming attack.—(b) Leading to a speedy and brilliant termination.

BARON ALDERSON'S READY WIT.—His reasoning was deep, solid, and acute; and his relish of fun and occasional witticisms on the bench no doubt made him a general favourite at Nisi Prius. Even in Banco he could not always refrain. Once a counsel, on applying for a *nolle prosequi*, pronounced the penultimate syllable long; "Stop sir," said the baron, "consider that this is the last day of term, and don't make things unnecessarily long." At an assize town a juryman said to the clerk who was administering the oath to him, "Speak up, I cannot hear what you say." The baron asked him if he was deaf, and on the juryman answering, "Yes, with one ear," replied "Well then you may leave the box, for it is necessary that jurymen should *hear both sides*.—*Foss's Judges.*

LORD CAMDEN'S EXPERIENCE.—A ludicrous story is told of his being on a visit to Lord Dacre in Essex, and accompanying a gentleman, notorious for his absence of mind, in a walk, during which they came to the parish stocks. Having a wish to know the nature of the punishment, the chief justice begged his companion to open them so that he might try. This being done, his friend sauntered on, and totally forgot him. The imprisoned chief tried in vain to release himself, and on asking a peasant who was passing by to let him out, was laughed at and told he "wasn't set there for nothing." He was soon set at liberty by the servants of his host; and afterwards on the trial of an action for false imprisonment against a magistrate by some fellow whom he had set in the stocks, on the counsel for the defendant ridiculing the charge and declaring it was no punishment at all, his lordship leaned over and whispered, "Brother, were you ever in the stocks?" The counsel indignantly replied, "Never, my lord."—"Then I have been," said the chief justice, "and I can assure you it is not the trifle you represent it."—*Ditto.*

BARON HULLOCK PERILS AND SAVES A LIFE.—On this circuit his honourable feeling and his courageous conduct were on one occasion tried and exhibited. In a cause which he led, he was particularly instructed not to produce a certain deed unless it should be absolutely required. Notwithstanding this injunction, he produced it before it was necessary, with the view of deciding the business at once. It proved to have been forged by his client's attorney; and Mr. Justice Bayley, who was trying the cause, ordered the deed to be impounded, that it might be made the subject of a persecution. Before this could be done, Mr. Hullock requested leave to inspect it; and on its being handed to him, immediately returned it to his bag. The judge remonstrated, but in vain. "No power on earth," Mr. H. replied, "should induce him to surrender it. He had incautiously put the life of a fellow-creature in peril; and, though he had acted to the best of his discretion, he should never be happy again were a fatal result to ensue." The judge continued to insist on the re-delivery of the deed, but declined taking decisive measures till he had consulted the associate judge. While retiring for that purpose, the deed was of course destroyed, and the attorney escaped.—*Ditto.*

A GOOD SHOT.—A few days ago Mr. Garnett Ronson, of Little Corby, shot an extraordinary match, for a wager, at that place. The wager was that he was to fire at and hit nine out of ten oranges thrown up in the air. The conditions were that the gun and oranges should be laid upon the ground, and the shooter had at each shot to pick up an orange, throw it up, stoop for his gun, and fire at the orange in its descent. Mr. Ronson not only succeeded in winning the wager, but killed eleven oranges in succession.—*English paper.*

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL.—The officers of the Russian navy have just made Prince Gortschakow a splendid present—a souvenir *dpropos* of nothing in particular, but of general admiration. It consists of a Corinthian column of silver, four feet high, with an allegorical figure of the Prince on the top. The pillar is based upon four rock fortresses, from which pour forth a formidable array of silver cannons. In front of one of the rocks is a monitor. The latest work of the Prince has been to forbid the Polish peasantry to greet one another in their usual way, "The name of Jesus Christ be praised." They must now, under pains and penalties, say, as the Russians say, "Glory to God."

FROM PERU TO CHILI.—Now that Spain has settled her dispute with Peru, who has so readily conceded her demands, she is beginning to pick a quarrel with the neighbouring republic of Chili. That republic, recognising Spain and Peru rather prematurely as belligerents, refused certain facilities to the former. Since the quarrel has been adjusted Chili is likely to experience the inconveniences proverbially attendant upon interference in such quarrels. The *Epoca* contradicts a report that the Spanish envoy at Valparaiso had been withdrawn from the country, but states that Spain had demanded from the Chilian Government "satisfaction for injury caused her by Chili during her conflict with Peru." So that unless Chili prove as compliant as her neighbour it is possible that we shall hear of another Spanish aggression in the Pacific before long.—*Liverpool Post.*

HAWKING.—The admirers of the ancient sport of hawking had an opportunity on Friday, March 17, of witnessing it at Elvedon, on the estate of his Highness the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh. In compliance with an invitation given by Mr. Barr, falconer of his highness, a number of ladies and gentlemen, including several from Bury, Thetford, and other places, met on a wide, open plain, about a mile from Elvedon manor, the place chosen for testing the powers of eleven hawks of the tiercel breed. The sport lasted about an hour, and some of the chases were of the most exciting character. One of the pigeons, hard pressed by a hawk, took refuge under the crinoline of a lady, who stoutly refused to give it up. In all eight pigeons were killed.

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A BIG THING.—A million is a great many, but two millions is more. As incredible as it may appear, Messrs. P. H. Drake & Co., of New York sell over two million bottles of PLANTATION BITTERS a year. This is nearly one hundred and seventy thousand dozen, which at nine dollars would be over a million and a half dollars! Surely, some merit must attach to an article of such a sale. Go where we will, from one end of the country to the other, we are always in sight of the evidences of the cabalistic S. T.—1859—X., and these gentlemen's energy. We would suggest to them a little more elegance in their rock painting. The Legislature of New Hampshire has passed a law against their further disfiguring the White Mountains.

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